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C. W.

THE
DOMINION HYMNAL

FOR
SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.



Toronto :

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 KING STREET, EAST.
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(20)

PREFACE.

A GREAT deal of time has been spent in the preparation of this small volume of Sacred Song for Sunday Schools throughout the Dominion. It is the joint product of earnest and experienced workers, both clerical and lay, in the Sunday School department of Christian effort. Not less than ten thousand hymns have been examined by the committee to which this work was committed; and it would have been to them an easier and much more satisfactory task to prepare a much larger volume, could they have felt justified in so doing,

To keep within reasonable limits; to introduce a sufficient number of new hymns, and yet retain a fair proportion of old ones, dear to many hearts; to provide for the more thoughtful, and not utterly exclude all hymns of a lighter type; to meet the wants and tastes of teachers, adult scholars, and children of different grades, down to that of the infant class; to provide for the numerous anniversaries recognized by the Churches; to introduce nothing of doubtful theology or tendency, and to make the Hymnal suitable for social services without damage to Sabbath-School interests, were among the many considerations steadily kept in view by the committee.

A Tune Book, with a tune adapted to every hymn in the Hymnal, has also been prepared by another committee. The music is issued simultaneously with the publication of the hymns. In the examination of the music it will be very apparent that the right hand of one, who by previous musical compilations placed the Church under no small obligation, has not forgot its cunning. Both Hymnal and Tune Book are so paged as to make it easy to find the hymn in the one and the music in the other, without reference to Index. May this volume, prepared and published by authority of the General Conference of the Methodist Church, be rendered a great blessing to thousands throughout the Dominion of Canada.

TORONTO, 1883.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Entered, according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-three, by the Rev. WILLIAM BRIGGS, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMNAL.

* 1 *Praise to the Redeemer.* [1

- O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim, [abroad
To spread through all the earth
The honours of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus ! the Name that charms our
fears,
That bids our sorrow cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.

2 *The Coronation of Christ.* [2

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 *Worshipping the Lamb.* [3

- C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they
cry,
" To be exalted thus ! " [reply ;
" Worthy the Lamb ! " our hearts
" For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine !
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

4 *Children Praising Christ.* [4

- C**OME, Christian children, come, and
raise
Your voice with one accord ;
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise,
The glories of your Lord.
- 2 Sing of the wonders of his love,
And loudest praises give
To him who left his throne above,
And died that you might live.
- 3 Sing of the wonders of his truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfilled to latest age.
- 4 Sing of the wonders of his power,
Who with his own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

* *Figure at beginning of line, No. of Hymn ; figure at end, No. in Music Book.*

5

The Children's Jubilee.

[5]

HOSANNA! be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

- 2 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.
- 3 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.
- 4 Hosanna! then, our song shall be;
Hosanna to our King;
This is the children's jubilee;
Let all the children sing.

6

The Lord's Love to Children.

[6]

WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill.
We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

7

Children's Hymn.

[7]

- C**HILDREN, loud hosannas singing,
Hymned thy praise in olden time,
Judah's ancient temple filling,
With the melody sublime;
Infant voices
Joined to swell the holy chime.
- 2 Though no more the incarnate Saviour
We behold in latter days;
Though a temple far less glorious
Echoes now the songs we raise;
Still in glory
Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.
 - 3 Loud we'll swell the pealing anthem
All thy wondrous acts proclaim,
Till all heaven and earth resounding,
Echo with thy glorious name;
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

8

Prayer for the Shepherd's Care.

[8]

- S**AVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy fields prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are
- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
 - 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.
 - 4 Early let us seek thy favour,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still,

9 "Whom having not seen ye love." [9]

0 THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee;
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests his pardoning favour;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,—
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name.

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived among the throng:
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

10 *Shepherd of Tender Youth.* [10]

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways:
Christ our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing;
Hither our children bring
To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on thee in vain;
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

11 "A Name that is above every name." [11]

JESUS! the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

12 *Jesus, the Joy of Earth and Heaven.* [12]

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save

- 3 Jesus, harmonious name !
 It charms the hosts above ;
 They evermore proclaim
 And wonder at his love ;
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free ;
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory ;
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

13 *Christ Blessing Little Children.* [13]

I THINK, when I read that sweet story
 of old,

When Jesus was here among men,
 How he called little children as lambs
 to his fold,
 I should have liked to have been with
 him then.

- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed
 on my head,
 That his arms had been thrown
 around me,
 That I might have seen his kind look
 when he said,
 " Let the little ones come unto me."

- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I
 may go,
 And ask for a share in his love,
 And if I thus earnestly seek him
 below,
 I shall see him and hear him above.

- 4 In that beautiful place he has gone to
 prepare,
 For all who are washed and forgiven,
 And many dear children are gathering
 there,
 " For of such is the kingdom of
 heaven."

14 *The Praise of Christ.* [14]

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound their note of praise above ;
 Jesus, reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love.
 See, he sits on yonder throne ;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth ;
 Lord of life ! thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers, and charms thy saints on
 earth.

When we think of love like thine,
 Lord ! we own it love divine.

Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

- 3 Saviour ! hasten thine appearing ;
 Bring,—O bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing—
 Glory, glory to our King.
 Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Amen.

15 *The Joyful Sound of Salvation.* [15]

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 What pleasure to our ears !
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb forever ;
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
 Hallelujah, praise the Lamb.

- 2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around ;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
 Glory, honour, praise, and power, etc.

- 3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs ;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.
 Glory, honour, praise, and power, etc.

[14

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16

He so loved us.

[16

DEAR Saviour, does thy love,
So wonderful and free,
Delight to own thy weakest child,
Who upward looks to thee ?

O love ! O wondrous love !
O love that stoops to me !
A love that covers all my sins,
And makes me free in thee.

2. Give us a deeper love,
That loves thy love alone ;
Resigns all hope of earthly gain,
This wondrous gift to own.
O love ! O wondrous love ! etc.

3 Thee only would we love ;
Be this our constant aim,
To lose all thought of self in thee,
And glorify thy name.
O love ! O wondrous love ! etc.

4 Then beautify us, Lord,
And may we meekly show
Our hearts to be thy temple-home,
Where love shall ever flow.
O love ! O wondrous love ! etc.

17 "Without me ye can do nothing." [17

I NEED thee, precious Jesus !
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within ;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee—
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need thee, blessed Jesus,
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store :
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blessed Jesus !
I need a friend like thee ;
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me ;

I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need thee, blessed Jesus !
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne ;
There, with the blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

18 "According to the joy in harvest." [18

EARTH belcw is teeming,
Heaven is bright above,
Every brow is beaming
In the light of love ;
Every eye rejoices,
Every thought is praise ;
Happy hearts and voices
Gladden nights and days.

O almighty Giver !
Bountiful and free,
As the joy in harvest
Joy we before thee.

2 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and summer knew ;
For the golden autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming at our doors.
O almighty Giver ! etc.

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens,
In a brighter sun ;
Thou the orb that lightens
All we tread upon ;
Send out labourers, Father,
Where fields ripening wave ;
All the nations gather,
Gather in and save.

O almighty Giver !
Bountiful and free,
Then as joy in harvest
We shall joy in thee.

19 *Sing praises unto the Lord.* [19

SAVIOUR, Blessed Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising,
Praises to our king ;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to thee.

Onward upward, heavenward,
To our city bright,
Singing as we journey
Forward into light.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee ;
Deep in adoration,
Bending low the knee :
Thou, for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die ;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Jesus, Lord, and Master,
At thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See thy children meet :
Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray ;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

20 "Return unto thy rest, oh, my [20
soul."—Ps. 118 : 7.

LEANING on thee, my Guide and
Friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest ;
Though weary, thou dost condescend
To be my rest, to be my rest.

Leaning on thee, leaning on thee,
Leaning on thee my Guide and Friend

2 Leaning on thee, with child-like faith,
To thee the future I confide
Each step of life's untrodden path,
Thy love shall guide, thy love shall
guide.

3 Leaning on thee, no fear alarms ;
Although I stand on death's dark
I'll feel the everlasting arms, [brink,
I will not sink, I will not sink.

21 *He so loved us.* [21

SWEETLY sing the love of Jesus,
Love for you and love for me ;
Heaven's light is not more cheering,
Heaven's dews are not more free ;
As a child, in pain or terror,
Hides him in his mother's breast,—
As a sailor seeks the haven,—
We would come to him for rest.

Sweetly sing the love of Jesus,
Love for you and love for me ;
Heaven's light is not more cheering,
Heaven's dews are not more free.

2 Gladly sing the love of Jesus ;
Let us lean upon his arm ;
If he loves us, what can grieve us ?
If he keeps us, what can harm ?
Still he lays his hand in blessing
On each upturned seeking face,
And in heaven his children's angels
Near the throne have always place.

22 *Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth, of* [22
Galilee.

EACH cooing dove and sighing bough
That makes the eve so blest to me,
Has something far diviner now,
It bears me back to Galilee.

Oh, Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be ;
Oh, Galilee, blue Galilee,
Come sing thy song again to me.

2 Each flowery glen and mossy dell,
Where happy birds in song agree,
Through sunny morn the praises tell,
Of sights and sounds in Galilee.

3 And when I read the thrilling lore
Of him who walked upon the sea,
I long, oh, how I long once more,
To follow him in Galilee.

23 *Redemption in his blood, the forgiveness of sin.* [23]

I WILL sing of my Redeemer,
And his wond'rous love to me :
On the cruel cross he suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

Sing, oh ! sing of my Redeemer.
With his blood he purchased me ;
On the cross he bought my pardon
Paid the debt to make me free,
To make me free

I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In his boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell
How the victory he giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And his heavenly love to me ; [me,
He from death to life hath brought
Son of God, with him to be.

24 *He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.* [24]

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er.
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

25 *Jesus saith unto them, I am the door.* [25]

OPEN the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in,
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold ;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

Open the door ; gather them in,
Gather them into the fold :
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

2 Open the door for the children,
See, they are coming in throngs ;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs.
Pray you the Father to bless them.
Pray you that grace may be given,
Open the door for the children,
Theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

3 Open the door for the children ;
Take the dear lambs by the hand,
Point them to truth and to goodness,
Lead them to Canaan's bright land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold ;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

26 *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.* [26]

JESUS keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain

In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall And
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

27 *God forbid that I should glory, save [27
in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

IN the Cross of Christ we glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers 'round its head sublime.

'Tis the Cross of our salvation,
May we love it more and more,
And with heavenly exultation,
Sing its glories o'er and o'er.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake us,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake us;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

28 *I've been redeemed.* (28

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plung'd beneath that
Lose all their guilty stains. [flood

I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,
I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,
I've been redeem'd, I've been redeem'd,
Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,
Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,
Been redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,
That flow'd on Calvary.

2 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are sav'd to sin no more.

29 *Take of the water of life freely.* [29

JESUS, the water of life will give
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus the water of life will give
Freely to those who love him. [live,
Come to that fountain, O drink and
Freely freely, freely, [live,
Come to that fountain, O drink and
Freely to those that love him.

CHORUS.

The Spirit and the Bride say come
Freely, freely, freely,
And he that is thirsty, let him come,
And drink of the water of life.

FULL CHORUS.

The fountain of life is flowing,
Flowing, freely flowing.
The fountain of life is flowing,
Is flowing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely, freely, freely.
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely to those that love him.
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely, freely, freely,
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely to those that love him.

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love him;
Kingdoms of glory, and crowns of
Freely, freely, freely, [light,
Kingdoms of glory, and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love him.

4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely to those that love him;

Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely to those that love him.

- 5 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely to those that love him ;
 Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to the water of life that flows
 Freely to all that love him.

30 *He shall come down like rain upon [30
 the mown grass.*

FLOW down, thou stream of life divine.
 Thy quickening truths deliver ;
 Oh ! flow throughout this soul of mine,
 Forever and forever.

- 2 Flow down and cause this heart to
 With love to God the Giver ; [glow
 That love in which all virtues grow,
 Forever and forever.

- 3 Flow down as flow the ray and rain,
 In vital work together, [grain,
 Refreshing roots and quickening
 Forever and forever.

- 4 Flow down as flows the living sun
 Upon the sparkling river,
 Which chanting to the boundless, run
 Forever and forever.

- 5 Flow down, revive this famished soul,
 And bear away all error,
 And I will praise thee, God of all,
 Forever and forever.

31 *And that Rock was Christ. [31*

BEHOLD the Rock, the smitten Rock !
 Within its rifted side
 We found a blessed refuge,
 Where I may securely hide.

Oh, the Rock, the Rock, the riven Rock !
 My Saviour crucified ;
 No other shelter is secure
 But Jesus' wounded side.

- 2 Tho' thundering Sinai's terrors sound
 Appalling to the ear,
 Concealed within the Cleft, I'm safe ;
 No danger will I fear.

- 3 Jesus, dear refuge of my soul !
 My hope, my joy, my rest ;
 Confiding in thy changeless love,
 I am supremely blest.

- 4 My peace, unbroken by life's storms,
 While I in Christ abide,
 My spirit rests in sweetest calm,
 As in the Cleft I hide.

32 *Christ the soul's only refuge. [32*

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stayed ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

33 *Christ the Rock of Ages. [33*

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,—
 These for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone ;
 In my hand no price I bring ;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,—
 Rock of Ages, clei: for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

34 *Walk as children of light.* [34

THOU my everlasting portion,
 More than friend or life to me ;
 All along my pilgrim journey,
 Saviour, let me walk with thee.
 Close to thee, close to thee,
 Close to thee, close to thee,
 All along my pilgrim journey,
 Saviour, let me walk with thee,

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
 Nor for fame my prayer shall be ;
 Gladly will I toil and suffer,
 Only let me walk with thee.
 Close to thee, close to thee,
 Close to thee, close to thee,
 Gladly will I toil and suffer,
 Only let me walk with thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
 Bear me o'er life's fitful sea ;
 Then the gate of life eternal,
 May I enter, Lord, with thee.
 Close to thee, close to thee,
 Close to thee, close to thee,
 Then the gate of life eternal,
 May I enter, Lord, with thee.

35 *The precious name of Jesus.* [35

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
 Child of sorrow and of woe ;
 It will joy and comfort give you ;
 Take it, then, where'er you go.
 Precious name, O how sweet !
 Hope of earth, and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
 As a shield from every snare ;
 If temptations round you gather,
 Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 O the precious name of Jesus,
 How it thrills our souls with joy !
 When his loving arms receive us,
 And his songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
 Falling prostrate at his feet, [him,
 King of kings in heaven we'll crown
 When our journey is complete.

36 *He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.* [36

HE shall feed his flock like a shepherd,
 He shall gather the lambs in his
 arms,
 And carry them in his bosom.

37 *I will send you the Comforter.* [37

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
 His last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
 With us to dwell.

2 He comes, his graces to impart,
 A willing guest,
 While he can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.

3 He breathes that gentle voice we hear
 As breeze of even ; [fear,
 That checks each fault, that calms each
 And speaks of heaven.

4 Spirit of purity and grace !
 Our weakness see ; [place,
 Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling
 And worthier thee !

38 *On his head were many crowns.* [38

CROWN him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon his throne ;
 Hark ! how the heavenly anthem
 All music but its own ! [drowns
 Awake, my soul, and sing,
 Of him who died for thee ;
 And hail him as thy matchless King,
 Through all eternity.

2 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight, [eye
But downward bends his wondering
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit through him given
From yonder Triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

39 *He ever liveth to make intercession for them.* [39

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice,
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear:

With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father cry!

40 *Something for Christ.* [40

SAVIOUR! thy dying love,
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee!

3 Give me a faithful heart
Likeness to thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some work of kindness done,
Some wand'rer sought and won,
Something for thee!

4 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for thee!
And when thy face I see
My ransomed soul shall be
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

41 *Wilt thou not tell?* [41

NOW just a word for Jesus,
Your dearest friend so true;
Come cheer our hearts and tell us
What he has done for you.

Now just a word for Jesus—
'Twill help us on our way;
One little word for Jesus,
O speak, or sing, or pray.

2 Now just a word for Jesus ;
Let not the time be lost ;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.

42 *Clinging to Christ.* [42]

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee !
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

Every day, every hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing power ;
May thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this changing world below,
Lead me gently, gently as I go ;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee, more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er.
Till my soul is lost in love,
In the brighter, brighter world above.

43 *If I wash thee not, thou hast no* [43]
part with me.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died !

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
Wash me, and mine thou art ; [own ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,*
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

44 *A martyr's hymn.* [44]

JESUS, refuge of the weary,
Object of the Spirit's love,
Fountain in life's desert dreary,
Saviour from the world above !

2 Oh ! how oft thine eyes, offended,
Gazed upon the sinner's fall ;
Yet thou on the cross extended
Bore the penalty of all !

3 For our human sake enduring
Tortures infinite in pain,
By thy death our life assuring,
Conquerors, through thee we reign !

4 Jesus, would my heart were burning
With more-vivid love for thee !
Would my eyes were ever turning
To thy cross of agony !

5 So in praise and rapture blending,
Might my fading eyes grow dim.
While the freed heart rose, ascending
To the circling Seraphim.

6 Then in glory parted never
From the blessed Saviour's side,
Graven on my heart forever,
Be the Cross and Crucified.

COMING TO CHRIST.

45 *Those that seek me early shall* [45]
find me.

GOD has said, " Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth ;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth ;"
Guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness ;
Be our wisdom and our guide ;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side ;
Naught can harm us,
While we thus in thee abide.

3 Thus, when evening shades shall
gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky ;
Gently passing
To the happy land on high.

46 *I thy servant fear the Lord from [46
my youth.*

HAPPY the child whose youngest
Receive instruction well. [years
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young : [years,
Grace will preserve our following
And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath :
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

47 *He healeth the broken in heart. [47*

COME, O come with thy broken heart,
Weary and worn with care ;
Come and kneel at the open door ;
Jesus is waiting there ;
Waiting to heal thy wounded soul,
Waiting to give thee rest ; [fall ?
Why wilt thou walk where shadows
Come to his loving breast.

Come, O come with thy broken heart,
Weary and worn with care ;
Come and kneel at the open door ;
Jesus is waiting there.

- 2 Firmly cling to the blessed cross,
There shall thy refuge be ;
Wash thee now in the crimson fount,
Flowing so pure for thee ;
List to the gentle, warning voice,
List to the earnest call ;
Leave at the cross thy burden now,
Jesus will bear it all.

- 3 Come and taste of the precious feast,
Feast of eternal love ;
Think of joys that forever bloom,
Bright in the life above ;
Come with a trusting heart to God,
Come and be saved by grace ;
Come, for he loves to clasp thee now,
Close in his dear embrace.

48 *Why wilt thou die ? [48*

CHILD of sin and sorrow !
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow ;
Yield thee to day :
'Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room ;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die ?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high :
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

- 3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide
Like the flitting arrow,
Or rushing tide !
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore ;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide,

49 *Ask for the old paths. [49*

ASK for the old path ; God will make it
Jesus will lead us there ; [plain ;
They who would find it never seek in
He will lead us there. [vain ;
When the valley safely we have passed,
God will gather us home at last :
Home in the old path gladly we will go ;
He will lead us there.

- 2 Knock at the portal, narrow though it
Pray that we enter in ; [be ;
Faith is the password, prayer the
Strive to enter in. [blessed key ;

3 Walk in the old path; never turn aside;
Climb we the rugged hill;
Why should we falter? see our faithful
Leading onward still. [Guide

4 Keep in the old path; ever to the right;
Lo! 'tis the King's highway;
Soon will the shadows vanish from our
Lost in perfect day. [sight,

50 *And yet there is room.* [50

WAND'ERER, come, there's room for
At the cross of Jesus; [theo
Come and taste salvation free
At the cross of Jesus.

Blessed cross! precious cross!
There my hopes are twining;
There I see a Father's love,
Through a Saviour shining.

2 Come and bring thy burden now
To the cross of Jesus;
Lay thy burning, throbbing brow
At the cross of Jesus.

3 Oh, what comfort thou wilt find
At the cross of Jesus:
Love thy broken heart will bind
At the cross of Jesus.

4 See the crimson waters flow
At the cross of Jesus!
Come and tell thy every woe
At the cross of Jesus.

51 *Remember now thy Creator in the* [51
days of thy youth.

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee;
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine, and only thine to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be thine;
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send
Only do thou guide my way; [me,
May thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave thee never;
Seal thine image on my heart.

52 *And Jesus increased in wisdom and* [52
stature, and in favour with God
and man.

GENTLE, holy Jesus,
Saviour meek and mild,
Thou who once wast fashioned
Like a little child;
And in grace and meekness
Up to manhood grew:
Sharing human weakness,
Human sorrow too:

2 In thy word so holy,
Saviour, we can see,
That of us thou sayest,
"Let them come to Me."
Glad we come! and render
All we have to give:
While our hearts are tender,
Hely us, Lord, to live

3 Like thy young disciples,
That the world may see
We are taught by Jesus,
And have learned of thee.
May we copy closely
Him we so much love,
Till we bear his likeness,
Perfected above.

53 *Serve him day and night in his* [53
temple.

THRONGING the temple like those of
old,
Saviour, we enter thy tender fold,
Here in thy presence we gladly meet,
Bowing before thy mercy seat.
Thronging the temple of paradise,
Thronging thy courts beyond the skies.

2 Thronging the temple with tuneful
lays,
Saviour, we offer thee grateful praise,
For thy compassion and tender care,
Which through thy mercy, O Lord, we
share.

Thronging thy temple in heaven at last,
After the trials of earth are past,
Father in heaven, oh, may we be
Thronging thy courts in eternity.

54 *Who went about doing good.* [54]

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top
He met his Father there.

2 I want to be like Jesus :
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

3 I want to be like Jesus,
Who sweetly said to all,
"Let little children come to Me;"
I would obey the call.
But, oh, I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
Oh, gentle Saviour, send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.

55 *God, our Father.* [55]

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing
If our God our Father be.
Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know :
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

B

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy
Love with every passion blending
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

56 *Come unto me, and I will give you rest.* [56]

HARK! 'tis the voice of the Saviour,
Tenderly calling us home,
Calling in sweetest of accents,
Dear children, why longer roam?
Hear him calling, sweetly calling,
Tenderly calling us home.
Hear him calling, sweetly calling,
Dear children, why longer roam?

2 Ye that are lonely, forsaken,
Weary, and by sin oppressed,
List to the pleading of Jesus,
Come to the joys of the blest.

3 Come in the bright hours of childhood
Learn of the beautiful way,
Heed now the kind invitation,
Why will you longer delay?

57 *And he took them up in his arms.* [57]

WHEN mothers brought their children
To Jesus to be blest,
He took them in his loving arms,
And held them to his breast.
From all the world's temptations,
From all that grieves or harms,
There is no place of refuge
Like Jesus' loving arms.

2 Just as of old he bids them
Come unto him to-day,
And takes them in his arms of love,
And listens when they pray.

3 With Jesus to protect us,
And his dear hand to lead,
We cannot wander from the way
If we his voice would heed.

4 Thus gentle, true, and patient,
He'll help us each to be;
And if we give our hearts to him,
From sin he'll wash them free.

58 *His mercy endureth forever.* [58

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest
By trusting in his word.

Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge then into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

59 *Give up all for Jesus.* [59

GIVE up all for Jesus,
Weary child of sin,
What are earthly pleasures.
If his love you win?
What are all the riches
That the world can give,
When compared to heaven,
Where the just shall live?

Give up all for Jesus,
Oh, take salvation free!
Give up all for Jesus;
He gave his life for thee!

2 Give up all for Jesus!
He is calling you;
Trust in his salvation,
He will lead you through;
Jesus' blood so precious,
Can for you avail;
Plead his gracious promise,
It shall never fail.

3 Give up all for Jesus,
Keeping back no part:
Give your best affections,
Give him all your heart!

For your full redemption
He has paid the cost;
Come, while he is waiting,
Or you must be lost!

4 Wondrous gifts he offers!
Bliss without alloy;
Earth exchanged for heaven—
Grief for endless joy:
Come, for he is calling,
Swift the moments fly;
Hasten to the Saviour,
He is passing by!

60 *Room for Jesus.* [60

SOUL, arise! and give Christ room
Not alone thy days of gloom;
Not when sinks the setting sun;
Not when all thy work is done.

Room for Jesus! give him room
Open wide each heart and home
Let his banner be unfurled,
Through the kingdoms of the world.

2 Give thy brightest, noblest powers;
Give thy purest, sweetest hours;
Give thy will, thy mind, thy heart;
Give to Jesus all thou art.

3 Then 'twill be his time to give
More than mortals can conceive;
Rooms within his mansions fair,
Where all precious blessings are.

61 *He shall be called Wonderful.* [61

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Sing of his love, ye angels of light;
Carol his praise, ye seraphs so bright;
Join in the song, ye saints, with delight;
Praising the name, wonderful name of Jesus.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

62 *Him that cometh unto me, I will* [62]
in no wise cast out.

I WILL go and tell my Saviour
How I long his child to be ;
At the cross I'll seek and find him !
He's waiting there for me.

I will carry all my sins to Jesus, [him ;
Though I've nothing but my heart to give
I will go and lay my burden at the fountain ;
I'll go and be forgiven.

2 I will tell him I have wandered
From the path that leads to heaven ;
With a contrite, broken spirit,
I'll go and be forgiven.

3 If my heart is truly humble,
He will not reject my prayer ;
On the cross he died for sinners ;
I'll lay my burden there.

4 I will tell him all my story,
With his mercy all my plea ;
At the cross I'll seek and find him ;
He's waiting there for me.

63 *We love him because he first loved* [63]
us.

MY Jesus, I love thee, I know thou
art mine ; [sign ;
For thee all the pleasures of sin I re-
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour
art thou ;
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

2 I love thee, because thou hast first
loved me, [vary's tree ;
And purchased my pardon on Cal-
I love thee for wearing the thorns on
thy brow,
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I'll love thee in life, and I'll love thee
in death, [me breath ;
And praise thee as long as thou givest
And say, when the death-dew lies cold
on my brow, [now."
"If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis

4 In mansions of glory and endless de-
light, [light,
I'll ever adore thee in yon heaven of
I'll sing with the glittering crown on
my brow, [now."
"If ever I loved thee, dear Jesus, 'tis

64 *I flee unto thee to hide me.* [64

JESUS, Saviour, to thy side,
From the avenger I would flee ;
Let me safely there abide,
Let thy grace my refuge be.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

2 Wheresoe'er my tent is spread,
There will I thy name make known ;
Israel, by one Shepherd led,
Ever more in him are one.

3 To thy loving side, each hour,
Close and closer would I cling ;
Shielded by thy mighty power,
Trustful may I ever sing—

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

65 *The shadow of a great rock in a* [65]
weary land.

COME, stay thy feet by the shelt'ring
And sweet thy rest will be ; [Rock,
Come, lave thy brow in the spray that
So clear and cool for thee ; [falls
Too long hast thou lingered away,
But mercy is pleading with thee ;
Oh, stay thy feet by the sheltering
And sweet thy rest will be. [Rock,

Then hide thee, hide thee in the cleft of the
Rock ; [Rock.
Hide thee, hide thee, hide in the cleft of the

2 Come, bring thy heart to the shelt'ring
And all thy weight of care ; [Rock,
Look up, the light of a Saviour's love
Is smiling brightly there ;
He waiteth to welcome thee home,
O breathe but one penitent prayer ;
The blood that flows from his wounded
side,

Through faith will cleanse thee there.

3 There's life for thee at the shelt'ring
 A life of peace and love; [Rock,
 Sweet hope of rest in a brighter land,
 Of purer joys above;
 Then stay with thy Saviour, O stay,
 Where nothing thy soul can e'er
 move;
 There calmly rest in that dear retreat,
 The arms of Jesus' love.

66 *The shadow of a great rock in a [66
 weary land.*

IN the shadow of the Rock,
 Let me rest,
 When I feel the tempest's shock
 Thrill my breast;
 All in vain the storm shall sweep
 While I hide,
 And my tranquil station keep
 By thy side.

In the shadow of the Rock,
 I will fear no tempest's shock,
 In the shadow of the Rock,
 Let me rest.

2 On the parched and desert way
 Where I tread,
 With the scorching noontide ray
 O'er my head;
 Let me find a welcome shade,
 Cool and still,
 And my wearied steps be stayed
 While I will.

3 I in peace will rest me there
 Till I see,
 That the skies again are fair
 Over me;
 That the burning heats are past,
 And the day
 Bids the traveller at last
 Go his way.

4 Then my pilgrim staff I'll take
 And once more
 I'll my onward journey make,
 As before;
 And with joyous heart and strong
 I will raise
 Unto thee, O Rock, a song,
 Glad with praise.

67 *Whom have I in heaven but thee? [67*

ONLY thee, my soul's Redeemer!
 Whom have I in heaven beside?
 Who on earth, with love so tender,
 All my wandering steps will guide?
 Only thee, only thee,
 Loving Saviour, only thee.

2 Only thee! no joy I covet
 But the joy to call thee mine—
 Joy that gives the blest assurance,
 Thou hast owned and sealed me
 thine.

3 Only thee! I ask no other;
 Thou art more than all to me;
 Life, or health, or creature comfort,—
 I would give them all for thee.

4 Only thee! whose blood has cleansed
 Would my raptured vision see, [me,
 While my faith is reaching upward,
 Ever upward, Lord, to thee.

68 *The streams whereof make glad the [68
 City of God.*

OH, have you not heard of a beautiful
 stream, [land?
 That flows through our Father's
 Its waters gleam bright in the hea-
 venly light,
 And ripple o'er golden sand.

Oh, seek that beautiful stream,
 Oh, seek that beautiful stream;
 Its waters so free are flowing for thee,
 Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

2 Its fountains are deep, and its waters
 are pure,
 And sweet to the weary soul;
 It flows from the throne of Jehovah
 alone; [roll.
 Oh, come where its bright waves

3 This beautiful stream is the river of
 It flows for all nations free: [life,
 A balm for each wound in its waters
 is found,
 O sinner, it flows for thee.

- 4 Oh, will ye not drink of the beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says "Come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more."

69 *Come unto me.* 69

COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in his word he has shown us the way; [day,
Here in our midst he is standing to—
Tenderly saying "Come!"

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with thee,
In our eternal home.

- 2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear his sweet voice,
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

- 3 Think once again, he's with us to-day;
Heed now his blessed commands, and obey;
Hear now his accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

70 *Crown him.* 70

COME, children, hail the Prince of
Obey the Saviour's call; [Peace,
Come seek his face, and taste his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
Ye children great and small;
Hosanna sing to Christ your King,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
O, haste! before him fall:
For you he died that you might live
To crown him Lord of all.

71 *Come unto me, and I will give you rest.* 71

WHY should I wait when Jesus is calling? [free?
Why should I wait when mercy is

List to him now, so tenderly saying,
Come, my dear child, come now unto me.

Why should I wait? why should I wait?
Oh, why longer wait?

- 2 Why should I wait, when troubled and weary; [give?
Longing for rest the world cannot
Rest and sweet peace are offered so freely,
Turn, O my soul, to Jesus, and live.

- 3 Why should I wait, when death is ap-
proaching?
Thousands of spirits younger than I,
Now 'round the throne of Jesus are singing; [die.
No one can tell how young he may

- 4 Why should I wait? though life is before me, [way:
Rough is the path, and dark is the
Jesus alone can keep me in safety.
Guide me through life to heaven's bright day.

72 *Renewal of self-dedication.* 72

0 HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine

- 4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

73 *I trust in thy word.* [73]

ALL my doubts I give to Jesus,
I've his gracious promise heard;
I shall never be confounded,
I am trusting in his word.

Trusting, trusting, trusting in his word,
Trusting, trusting, trusting in his word.

- 2 All my sin I lay on Jesus,
He doth wash me in his blood;
He will keep me pure and holy,
He will bring me home to God.
- 3 All my fears I give to Jesus,
Rest my weary soul on him;
Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can his light grow dim.

74 *Behold, we come to thee.* [74]

WE are coming, we are coming,
Blessed Jesus, at thy call;
In the dewy time of morning,
Ere the darkening shadows fall.
We are coming, blessed Saviour,
With our willing hearts and true,
Out of every tribe and nation,
Out of every clime and hue.

We are coming, we are coming,
Blessed Jesus, at thy call;
In the dewy time of morning,
Ere the darkening shadows fall.

- 2 We are singing, we are singing,
Songs of gladness as we pass;
For thy love, in us distilling
Like the showers upon the grass;
For the home in heaven preparing
To receive our weary feet;
For thy smiles, our pathway cheering,
Songs of praises we repeat.
- 3 We are coming, we are coming,
Speeding onward to thy throne,
Where in majesty thou'rt waiting,—
Waiting to receive thine own.
Out of every tribe and nation,
We are gathering at thy call,
For thy glorious coronation,
Jesus, Saviour, Lord of all.

75 *My little children, these things write I unto you* [75]

LITTLE children, come to Jesus;
Hear him saying, "Come to me!"
Blessed Jesus, who to save us,
Shed his blood on Calvary!
Little souls were made to serve him,
All his holy law fulfil;
Little hearts were made to love him,
Little hands to do his will.
Little children, come to Jesus;
Hear him saying, "Come to me!"
Blessed Jesus, who to save us,
Shed his blood on Calvary.

- 2 Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heaven above;
Little ears to hear the story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love;
Little tongues to sing his praises,
Little feet to walk his ways;
Little bodies to be temples,
Where the holy Spirit stays!
- 3 There are little crowns in heaven,
There are little harps of gold;
There are little shining dresses,
There are gems and joys untold;
Jesus gave his blood to buy them;
He has bought enough for all;
Little children, come to Jesus,
He has love for great and small.

76 *Entire consecration to Christ's service.* [76]

TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee:
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

- 2 Take my hands and let them move,
At the impulse of thy love:
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.
- 3 Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King:
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

- 4 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine :
Take my heart, it is thine own ;
It shall be thy royal throne.
- 5 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure store :
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee.

77 *Suffer little children to come unto me.* [77

HOW sweet the call of mercy,
Inviting every heart
To come and love the Saviour,
Ere youthful days depart ;
'Tis in the Holy Bible,
These precious words we see :
Forbid ye not the children,
But let them come to me.

Coming, yes, we're coming.
Coming, yes, we're coming.
Coming, yes, we're coming.
Dear Saviour, to thy fold.

- 2 O may his Spirit teach us
To know and do the right ;
To walk as he commands us,
That we may see the light ;
The blessed light that shineth
Along the narrow way,
And always groweth brighter,
Unto the perfect day.
- 3 Our Saviour loves the children,
On them his hands he laid,
Within his arms he held them,
And blessed them while he prayed ;
And still his mercy calls them ;
Just now we hear him say :
I want your hearts, dear children,
I want your love to-day.

78 *Invitation to sinners.* [78

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus, ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able,
He is willing ; doubt no more.

- 2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you :
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

79 *Just as I am.* [79

- J**UST as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come ! [spot,
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !
- 6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

80 *Prayer for a personal blessing* [80]

LORD, I hear of showers of blessings,
Thou art scattering, full and free—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me—
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee!
I am longing for thy favour;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me!
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me.

5 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so rich and free.
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—
Even me.

81 *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.* [81]

"ALMOST persuaded" now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come
to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
"O wanderer, come."

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at
"Almost" cannot avail; [last!
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wall—
"Almost—but lost."

82 *The voice of Jesus.* [82]

I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love;
To perfect hope, and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord.
Our Strength and Righteousness.

83 *If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father.* [83]

I HAVE a Saviour, he's pleading in
glory, [friends be few;
A dear, loving Saviour, though earth-
And now he is watching in tenderness
o'er me, [Saviour too!
And oh, that my Saviour were your
For you I am praying.
For you I am praying.
For you I am praying.
I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father: to me he has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will he call me to meet him
in heaven,
But oh, that he'd let me bring you
with me too!

3 I have a robe : 'tis resplendent in
whiteness, [view ;
Awaiting in glory my wondering
Oh, when I receive it all shining in
brightness, [one too !
Dear friend, could I see you receiving

4 I have a peace : it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this
world never knew ;
My Saviour alone is its Author and
Giver, [to you !
And oh, could I know it was given

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others
the story, [your too ;
That my loving Saviour is your Sav-
Then pray that your Saviour may bring
them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas
answered for you !

84 Behold, I stand at the door and [84
knock.

COME, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise,
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart ;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy
Yield to be saved from sin ; [voice,
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove.
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

85 The cross of Christ. [85

I AM coming to the Cross ;
I am poor, and weak, and blind ;
I am counting all but dross ;
I shall full salvation find.

I am trusting, Lord in thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary ;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within ;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied ;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

4 Jesus comes ! he fills my soul !
Perfected in him I am ;
I am every whit made whole ;
Glory, glory to the Lamb !

86 Let us draw near with a true heart. [86

I AM thine, O Lord, I have heard thy
And it told thy love to me ; [voice,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to thee:

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where thou hast died ; [Lord,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed
To thy precious bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to thy service,
By the power of grace divine ; [Lord,
Let my soul look up with a steadfast
And my will be lost in thine. [hope.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee,
my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot
Till I cross the narrow sea, [know
There are heights of joy that I may
not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

87 The song of the reapers. [87

O H, we are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the
fields of sin ;

With sickles of truth must the work
be done, [home."
And no one may rest till the "harvest

We are the reapers ! Oh, who will come
And share in the glory of the "harvest homer"
Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin,

2 Go out in the by-ways and search them
all ; [weeds are tall ;
The wheat may be there though the
Then search in the highway, and pass
none by, [high.
But gather from all for the home on

3 The fields are all ripening, and far and
wide [tide ;
The world now is waiting the harvest
But the reapers are few, and the work
is great, [vest wait.
And much will be lost should the har-

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of
men,
And gather together the golden grain ;
Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are
bound, [ground.
And joyfully borne from the harvest

88 *Wherefore he is able to save to the* [88
uttermost.

RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying, [grave,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the
Weep o'er the erring ones,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Rescue the perishing.
Care for the dying ;
Jesus is merciful,
Jesus will save.

9 Though they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently,
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate
once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it ; [provide ;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them, [died.
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has

89 *Work for the night is coming.* [89

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers ;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun :
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon ;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store,
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies ;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work, for the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

90 *Work to do for Jesus.* 90

THERE is work to do for Jesus,
Yes, a glorious work to do,
For a harvest fully ripened
Rich and golden lies in view ;

With a prayer to God our Father
Let us all the work pursue,
For our risen Lord is calling,
And the harvesters are few.

Yes, there's work to do for Jesus, and the harvest is in view.

There's a great work everywhere to do.
There is work to do for Jesus, and the harvesters are few.

There's enough work for all to do.

2 There is work to do for Jesus,
And we hear the Saviour say,
Why art standing here so idle,
At the noontide on the way!
Even now I will accept thee;
With the rest thy wages pay;
Go and labor in my vineyard,
Till the closing of the day.

3 Yes, there's work to do for Jesus;
Who will answer to the call?
See! the vintage is abundant,
There is work to do for all;
God commands that we should labor,
Though the task our hearts appal;
For he claimeth our life service,
Till the shades of death shall fall.

91 *The Master is come, and calleth for thee.* [91]

HARK, the voice of Jesus calling
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest's waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me"

2 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all;
If you fail to rouse the wicked,
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You may lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

92 *Why stand ye here all the day idle.* [92]

BEHOLD the changing autumn leaves,
Behold the fields of ripening grain;
Go, gather in the golden sheaves,
From valley, hill, and distant plain.

Then reapers, haste, the skies are clear,
The fields resound the glad refrain,
The harvesters from far and near,
Are gathering in the golden grain.

2 Behold the harvest of the Lord!
Behold the broad and whitening fields!
Send out the call, send forth the word,
Till hundred-fold the harvest yields.

3 Why idle stand? there's work for all;
The master calls, why longer wait?
Go, gather in both great and small,
Make haste, or you will be too late.

93 *The harvest truly is great.* [93]

GATHERING in the early dawn,
Gathering when the night comes on;
Yonder in the ripened fields,
Hundred-fold the harvest yields.
The golden grain is gathered in—
The sheaves of good from fields of sin;
By busy little gleaners.

2 Gathering in the early dawn, etc.,
Tho' reapers come from far and near,
The Master leaves an honored share,
For busy little gleaners.

3 Gathering in the early dawn, etc.,
Out in the highway where you go,
To plant or reap, there's work to do,
For busy little gleaners.

4 Gathering in the early dawn, etc.,
Amid the glow of autumn leaves,
We carry home our golden sheaves;
Such happy little gleaners.

94 *The harvest is the end of the world.* [94]

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds
of kindness, (dewy eve;
Sowing in the noontide, and the
Waiting for the harvest, and the time
of reaping, (the sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the
 sheaves, [sheaves.
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the
 shadows, (chilling breeze ;
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's
 By and by the harvest, and the labor
 ended, (the sheaves.
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for
 the Master, (often grieves ;
 Though the loss sustained our spirit
 When our weeping's over, he will bid
 us welcome, (the sheaves.
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

95 Give us of your oil, for our lamps [95
 are gone out.

BRIGHTLY beams our Father's mercy
 From his lighthouse evermore ;
 But to us he gives the keeping
 Of the lights along the shore.

Let the lower lights be burning !
 Send a gleam across the wave !
 Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
 You may rescue, you may save.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
 Loud the angry billows roar ;
 Eager eyes are watching, longing
 For the lights along the shore.

3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother,
 Some poor seaman tempest-tost,
 Trying now to make the harbor,
 In the darkness *may be lost*.

96 Go work to-day in my vineyard. [96

TO the work ! to the work ! we are ser-
 vants of God, (has trod ;
 Let us follow the path that our Master
 With the balm of his counsel our
 strength to renew,
 Let us do with our might what our
 hands find to do.

Toiling on, (toiling on,) toiling on, (toiling on,)
 Toiling on, (toiling on,) toiling on, (toiling on,)
 Let us hope (and trust,) let us watch (and pray,)
 and labor till the Master comes.

2 To the work ! to the work ! let the
 hungry be fed, (be led ;
 To the fountain of Life let the weary
 In the cross and its banner our glory
 shall be, (tion is free !"
 While we herald the tidings, "Salva-

3 To the work ! to the work ! there is
 labor for all, (error shall fall ;
 For the kingdom of darkness and
 And the name of Jehovah exalted
 shall be (tion is free !"
 In the loud swelling chorus, "Salva-

4 To the work ! to the work ! in the
 strength of the Lord, (reward ;
 And a robe and a crown shall our labor
 When the home of the faithful our
 dwelling shall be.
 And we shout with the ransomed—
 "Salvation is free !"

97 Let him take up his cross and [97
 follow me.

THE world looks very beautiful
 And full of joy to me :
 The sun shines out in glory
 On everything I see ;
 I know I shall be happy,
 While in the world I stay,
 For I will follow Jesus—
 All the way.

2 I'm but a youthful pilgrim ;
 My journey's just begun :
 They say I'll meet with sorrow,
 Before my journey's done.
 The world is full of trouble,
 And trials too, they say ;
 But I will follow Jesus—
 All the way.

3 Then, like a little pilgrim,
 Whatever I may meet,
 I'll take it—joy or sorrow—
 And lay at Jesus' feet.
 He'll comfort me in trouble,
 He'll wipe my tears away ;
 With joy I'll follow Jesus—
 All the way.

98 *It is enough, come up higher.* [98

O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armour by,
And dwell in peace at home?

We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succour on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling
tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

99 *Whatsoever a man soweth, that* [99
shall he also reap.

SOWING their seed by the dawnlight
fair, [glare,
Sowing their seed in the noontide
Sowing their seed in the fading light,
Sowing their seed in the solemn night,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sown in the darkness or sown in the
light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in
our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah sure, will the harvest be.

2 Sowing their seed by the wayside high,
Sowing their seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing their seed where the thorns
will spoil,
Sowing their seed in the fertile soil,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

3 They're sowing the seed of word and
deed, [heed;
The proud know not, nor the careless
The gentle word and the kindest deed
Have blest sad hearts in their sorest
need.

Oh, sweet will the harvest be.

100 *Looking unto Jesus, the author* [100
and finisher of our faith.

YIELD not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help us,
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain.
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh,
God Giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer
Though often cast down,
He who is the Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

101 *Gather up the fragments.* [101

GATHER up the fragments
Scattered here and there,
Wrecks of broken spirits
Overcome by care;

Pitying behold them,
Though they make no plea,
Labour to restore them
Whereso'er they be.

Gather up the fragments,
Gather up the fragments,
Gather up the fragments,
Scattered though they be
Gather up the fragments,
Gather up the fragments,
Gather up the fragments,
Gently, tenderly.

- 2 Gather up the fragments,
All that ye can find,
Fragments, oh, how many
And of every kind ;
Blighted hopes and fortunes
Strewn along the way,
Sorrowful remind us
Of a better day.

CONFLICT.

102 Only an Armour-Bearer. [102

ONLY an armour-bearer, firmly I stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's
command ; [order be,
Marching, if "Onward" shall the
Standing by my Captain, serving
faithfully.

Hear ye the battle-cry "Forward !" the call !
See, see the faltering ones, backward they fall,
Surely my Captain may depend on me,
Though but an armour-bearer I may be.

- 2 Only an armour-bearer, now in the
field, [shield,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword, and
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-
cry, [am I."
Ready to answer, "Master, here

- 3 Only an armour-bearer, yet may I
share [wear :
Glory immortal, and a bright crown
If in the battle to my trust I'm true,
Mine shall be the honours in the
Grand Review.

103 Fight the good fight of faith. [103

A M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas ?

2. Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God ?
Sure I must fight, if I should reign
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

104 Who is on the Lord's side ? [104

WE'RE marching to Canaan with
banner and song.
We're soldiers enlisted to fight against
the wrong. [should divide,
But, lest in the conflict our strength
We ask, who among us is on the
Lord's side ?

Oh, who is there among us, the true and
the tried,
Who'll stand by his colours—who's on
the Lord's side ?
Who, who is there among us, the true
and the tried,
Who'll stand by his colours—who's on
the Lord's side ?

- 2 The sword may be burnished, the
armour be bright,
For Satan appears as an angel of light ;
Yet darkly the bosom may treachery
hide, [Lord's side."
While lips are professing, "I'm on the
3 Who is there among us yet under the
rod, [of God ?
Who knows not the pardoning mercy
Oh, bring to him humbly the heart
in its pride ; [the Lord's side.
Oh, haste, while he's waiting and seek

4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and
the wrong, [into song ;
For soon shall our sighing be changed
So, bearing the cross of our covenant
Guide,
We'll shout, as we triumph, " *I'm on
the Lord's side.*"

105 *Speak unto the children of Israel,* [105
that they go forward.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go !

Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song.
Glory, praise, and honour,
Men and angels sing,
Through the countless ages,
Unto Christ the King.

106 *Whosoever doth not bear his* [106
cross cannot be my disciple.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free :
No ; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here !
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home, my crown to wear
For there's a crown for me.

107 " *Quit you like men.*" [107

STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the cross !
Lift high his royal banner ;
It must not suffer loss ;
From victory unto victory
His army will he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Stand in his strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you ;
Ye dare not trust your own ;
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

PRAYING.

108 *Pray without ceasing.* [108

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

109 *The Lord is my Rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer.* [109

OH, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, sometimes how they
Like tempests down over the soul.

Oh then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I;
Oh, then to the rock let me fly, let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

Oh, then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I;
Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain-way steep.
Or walking the shadowy vale.

Then, quick to the Rock let me fly,
To the rock that is higher than I;
Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

110 *Unto me every knee shall bow.* [110

GOD bless our Sunday-school,
Increase our Sunday-school,
God bless our school!
Send down thy grace divine,
May every child be thine,
And love all hearts entwine!
God bless our school!

2 All our dear teachers bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls;
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labours crowned by thee;
God bless our school!

111 *Ask, and ye shall receive.* [111

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace.
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

112 *Father, bless our School to-day.* [112]
FATHER, bless our school to-day ;
Be in all we do and say ;
Be in every song we sing,
Every prayer to thee we bring.

Come, oh, come, and with us meet ;
And, while sitting at thy feet,
May we in the lesson see,
Something drawing us to thee.

2 Jesus, well beloved Son,
May thy will by us be done ;
Come and meet with us to-day ;
Teach us, Lord, thyself, we pray.

3 Holy Spirit, mighty power,
Consecrate this Sabbath hour ;
Unto us thine unction give ;
Touch our souls that we may live.

4 Father, Holy Spirit, Son,
Sacred triune, Three in one,
Hear us, while once more we pray,
Bless our Sabbath school to-day.

113 *"Come with us to stay !"* [113]
HOLY Spirit ! hear us,
On this Sabbath day ;
Come to us with blessing,
Come with us to stay :
Come, as once thou camest
To the faithful few,
Patiently awaiting
Jesus' promise true.

2 Lighten thou our darkness,
Be thyself our light ;
Strengthen thou our weakness,
Spirit of all might !

C

In our doubt give counsel,
In temptation aid ;
Say to us in danger,
"Be not ye afraid !"

3 Spirit of adoption !
Make us overflow
With thy sevenfold blessing,
And in grace to grow ;
"Into Christ baptized,"
Grant that we may be,
Day and night, dear Spirit,
Perfectured by thee !

114 *"Thy Spirit is good ; lead me."* [114]
HOLY Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land :
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whispering softly, wanderer, come !
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest, Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear :
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come !
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

115 *"He shall teach you all things."* [115]
COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the Truth, thyself the Key,
Unseal the sacred Book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know

If thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

116 *He shall give you another Comforter.* [116

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove ;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinners free ;
Lead me to the Lamb of God ;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart ;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of eternal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray ;
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy divine ;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

117 *Men ought always to pray.* [117

MY God ! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,

As that which calls me to thy feet—
The hour of prayer ?

2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven ;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With hopes of heaven.

4 Lord ! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

118 *"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."* [118

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above ;
O the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by thy help I've come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure ;
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above !

119 *I will guide thee.* [119

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven !
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer !
Be thou still my strength and shield

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

120 *I will follow thee wheresoever thou goest.* [120]

JESUS, blessed Jesus,
I would follow thee;
Meek, and pure, and holy
Thy disciple be.
Free from sin and folly,
Free from worldly strife,
Trusting in thy merit
For eternal life.

2 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Keep me near thy side;
Lest the world's allurements
Cause my feet to slide.
On the rock of ages,
Firmly let me stand,
Yielding strict obedience
To my Lord's command.

3 Purer yet and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer,
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

4 Calmer yet and calmer,
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer,
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

121 *After this manner pray ye.* [121]

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And, as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory, ever be.

122 *What I say unto one, I say unto all, watch.* [122]

BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given;
And let me through thy spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

123 *Lead me in the way everlasting.* [123]

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

124 *"I will love thee, O Lord."* [124]

MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee;
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee
More love to thee.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best :
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee.

3 Then shall my latest breath,
Whisper thy praise ;
This be the parting cry,
My heart shall raise, •
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ to thee,
More love to thee.

125 *I ascend to my Father and your* [125
Father.

GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my father and my friend ?
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky ?

2 Art thou my Father? canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer ?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise ?

3 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee ;
And try in word, and deed, and
thought,
To serve and praise thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above.

126 *Oh, make me thine.* [126

MY Father, I would be thy child ;
I know I'm sinful, wayward, wild.
To thee I would be reconciled ;
Oh, make me thine.

The narrow way I fain would tread,
And by thy gentle hand be led,
With heavenly manna daily fed—
Oh, make me thine.

2 With patience I the race would run,
Not looking back when once begun,
Seeking salvation through thy Son ;
Oh, make me thine.

3 Make me to love thee more and more,
Thy Holy Spirit on me pour,
Grant me of grace a plenteous store ;
Oh, make me thine.

4 When death's cold hand on me is laid,
My God, let me not feel afraid ;
Be with me, for I've often prayed,
Let me be thine.

127 *Aspirations after nearness to* [127
God.

NEARER my God to thee,
Nearer to thee ;
F'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

2 Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven ;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

4 Then with my waking thought,
Bright with thy praise.
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

128 " *Keep that which is committed [128
to thy trust."*

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will !
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give !
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely ;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

129 *I will trust in thee, and not be [129
afraid.*

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine ;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire :
As thou hast died for me
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

130 *I will appear in the cloud upon [130
the mercy-seat*

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all besides more sweet ;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend ; [meet
Though sundered far, by faith they
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?
- 5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

131 *Thou shalt call his name Jesus. [131*

JESUS, name all names above,
Jesus, best and dearest,
Jesus, fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest,

Jesus, source of grace complete,
 Jesus purest, Jesus sweetest,
 Jesus, well of power divine,
 Make me, keep me, seal me thine.

2 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
 Scourged by my transgression,
 Witnessing, through agony—
 That thy good confession ;
 Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
 For my evils making payment,
 Let not all thy woe and pain,
 Let not Calvary, be in vain.

3 When I reach death's bitter sea,
 And its waves roll higher,
 Help the more forsaking me
 As the storm draws nigher ;
 Jesus, leave me not to languish,
 Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish :
 Tell me,—" Verily, I say,
 Thou shalt be with me to-day."

132 "Come boldly unto the throne [132
of grace."

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He himself has bid thee pray ;
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

133 "There is a Friend that sticketh [133
closer than a brother."

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear !
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to God in prayer !
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to God in prayer !

2 Have we trials and temptations ?
 Is there trouble anywhere ?
 We should never be discouraged ;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a Friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share ?
 Jesus knows our every weakness—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care ?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

134 "Hear me, for I am poor and [134
needy."

I NEED thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord ;
 No tender voice like thine
 Can peace afford.

I need thee, oh, I need thee ;
 Every hour I need thee ;
 Oh, bless me now, my Saviour !
 I come to thee.

2 I need thee every hour,
 Stay thou near by ;
 Temptations lose their power
 When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,
 In joy or pain ;
 Come quickly and abide,
 Or life is vain.

- 4 I need thee every hour :
Teach me thy will ;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil.
- 5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One :
Oh, make me thine indeed
Thou blessed Son.

PRAISING.

135 *Bless us children now.* [135

DEAR Saviour, from thy throne above,
Where countless children bow,
Oh, let thy loving eye behold
And bless us children now.

Our hearts in tuneful numbers wake,
Our tongues with rapture sing,
All glory, honour, praise to thee,
Redeemer, Lord, and King.

- 2 Thy mercy led us through the year
That sweetly passed away,
And through thy grace we gather now
To hail our festive day.
- 3 Oh, may we learn in early youth
Thy holy Word to prize,
The lamp that guides our feet to
heaven,
Our home beyond the skies.
- 4 Oh, happy thought, if faithful here,
We work and watch and pray,
We'll spend with thee in heaven at last
An endless happy day.

136 *Praise to Jesus.* [136

LET us sing with one accord,
Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord,
He hath made us by his power ;
He hath kept us to this hour.

- 2 He redeems us from the grave,
He who died now lives to save ;
Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy whom we praise.

- 3 Angels praise him, so will we,
Sinful children though we be ;
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,
Jesus helps the weak and poor.
- 4 Dear to him is childhood's prayer,
Children's hearts to him are dear ;
Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy whom we praise

137 *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.* [137

HEAR the song through heaven
ringing,
" Worthy, worthy is the Lamb !"
Down to earth the angels bringing ;
Let the people join their singing,
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb !
Swell the chorus ; tell the story ;
Blessing, honour, power, and glory
Give for ever to the Lamb !

- 2 With his precious blood he bought us,
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb !
Lost in sin, he came and sought us ;
To the paths of peace he brought us ;
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb !
From our sins he came to save us,
All the wayward past forgave us ;
Praise for ever to the Lamb !
- 3 O'er and o'er, our lips confessing,
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb !
Give him honour, power, and blessing,
All we have in him possessing ;
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb !
Let our lives repeat the story ;
Blessing, honour, power, and glory
Be for ever to the Lamb !

138 *King of Kings and Lord of Lords.* [138

O WORSHIP the King all glorious
above !
O gratefully sing his power and his
love !
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient
of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded
with praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
space;
His chariot of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form;
And dark is his path on the wings of
the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can
recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the
light,
It streams from the hills, it descends
to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and
the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as
frail;
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to
fail:
Thy mercies, how tender, how firm to
the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend!

139 *Sing with a tuneful spirit.* [139

SING with a tuneful spirit,
Sing with a cheerful lay,
Praise to thy great Creator,
While on the pilgrim way.
Sing when the birds are waking,
Sing with the morning light;
Sing in the noontide's golden beam,
Sing in the hush of night.

2 Sing when the heart is troubled,
Sing when the hours are long,
Sing when the storm-cloud gathers,
Sweet is the voice of song.
Sing when the sky is darkest,
Sing when the thunders roll;
Sing of a land where rest remains,
Rest for the weary soul.

3 Sing in the vale of shadows,
Sing in the hour of death,
And when the eyes are closing,
Sing with the latest breath.

Sing till the heart's deep longings
Cease on the other shore;
Then with the countless numbers
there,
Sing on for ever more.

140 *He shall bear the glory.* [140

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One:
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain,
Glory be to him who bought us,
Made us kings with him to reign:
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth, your praises
bring:
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sing;
Honour, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

141 *Praise ye the Lord.* [141

PRAISE the Lord! praise him!
Men and angels, unite in happy
song!
Praise the Lord! praise him!
Sing Jehovah's praises, loud and long!
Praise him, ye heavens! praise him, ye
stars of light!
Praise him, ye mountains! oh, praise
him day and night!

Praise the Lord ! praise him !
Men and angels, unite in happy song !
Praise the Lord ! praise him !
Sing Jehovah's praises, loud and long !

- 2 Praise the Lord ! praise him !
Praise his name, for his promises are
sure ;
Praise the Lord ! praise him !
For his mercies ever shall endure.
Praise him, ye children ! men, maidens,
old and young !
Kings bow before him from every land
and tongue.

- 3 Praise the Lord ! praise him !
Earth's Redeemer, the blessed Prince
of Peace.
Praise the Lord ! praise him !
May Jehovah's praises never cease !
Sing ye his glory, send forth his name
abroad ;
Tell the glad story of this our mighty
God.

142 *The sacrifice of praise and prayer.* [142]

WITH joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

- 2 Before thy throne we bow,
O thou Almighty King ;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.
- 4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

143 *Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.* [143]

THE trees are crowned with glory,
The hills are bright with praise ;
The voice of autumn singeth
Through all her forest ways.
With heart, and voice, and garland,
Dear Lord, thy children meet
To crown thee with their praises,—
To worship at thy feet.

- 2 As once, in far Judea,
The little children came
With glad and sweet hosannas,
And blessings on thy name,
With waving palms and praises,
Thy lowly steps to throng ;—
So we, within thy temple,
Come seeking thee with song.

- 3 O lowly Lord and Master !
We long to be like thee
In purity, in patience,
In deep humility ;
That when our autumn cometh,
And as a leaf we fade,
The glory of thy presence
May dissipate death's shade.

144 *Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !* [144]

HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God
Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall
raise to thee ;
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and
Mighty !
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore
thee,
Casting down their golden crowns
around the glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down
before thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore
shall be.

3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
 Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
 All thy works shall praise thy name
 in earth, and sky, and sea ;
 Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity !
 Amen.

145 *Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.* [145

GLORY to the Father give,
 God in whom we move and live ;
 Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
 Children's songs delight his ear.
 Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb for he was slain.

2 Glory to the Holy Ghost !
 Be this day a pentecost !
 Children's minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire !
 Glory to the highest be,
 To the blessed Trinity,
 For the gospel from above
 For the word, that " God is love ! "

146 *Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion.* [146

IN happy song our voices we will raise,
 In happy song the Saviour's name to praise,
 For grace and mercy all the many days,
 For present blessings we enjoy.

Happy song, happy song, happy song,
 We'll praise him in our happy song.

2 We praise him for one blessed day in seven,
 We praise him for his mercies daily
 We praise him for our present hope of heaven,
 We praise him for his holy Word.

3 And when we meet on yonder happy shore,
 When toil, and pain, and trials all are
 We'll shout his praises ever, evermore,
 We'll swell redemption's happy song.

147 *A loving heart.* [147

IF you have a pleasant thought,
 Sing it, sing it ;
 As the birds sing in their sport,
 Sing it from the heart :
 Does the Holy Spirit move,
 For the children of his love—
 Sing, and point the home above,
 Sing it from the heart.

2 Every gracious deed of his,
 Sing it, sing it ;
 Nothing sounds so well as this,
 Sing it from the heart :
 How the Lord walked on the wave—
 Rescued Lazarus from the grave—
 Died our guilty souls to save—
 Sing it from the heart.

3 Are you weary, are you sad—
 Sing it, sing it ;
 Make yourselves and others glad,
 Sing it from the heart :
 Angels now before his face
 Sing of Christ's redeeming grace.
 Give the Saviour endless praise,
 Sing it from the heart.

148 *Come before his presence with singing.* [148

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known,
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down his heavenly
powers,
To carry us above.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

149 " *All thy works shall praise thee.* [149

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 All creatures, numerous as they be,
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
- 4 There's not a plant nor flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.
- 5 His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye :
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

150 *Unto him be glory for ever and ever.* [150

WE praise thee, O God ! for the Son
of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone
above !

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, Hallelujah,
amen.
Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, revive us
again.

- 2 We praise thee, O God ! for thy spirit
of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and
scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that
was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and
cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all
grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us,
and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again ; fill each heart with
thy love ;
May each soul be rekindled with fire
from above.

THE SABBATH.

151 *Praise to the Lord of Sabbath.* [151

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
In faith and love we grow ;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme :
'Twas great to speak a world from
nought ;
'Twas greater to redeem !

152 " *The Sabbath a delight, the holy* [152
of the Lord."

- O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright :
On thee the high and low
Before the eternal throne
Sing holy, holy, holy,
To the great Three in One.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee our Lord victorious,
The spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.
- 3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest ;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

153 *Joyful Sabbath worship.* [153

- WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own ;
With joy the summons to obey,
To worship at his throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temples, Lord, how fair !
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.
- 3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell
Within thy church below !
Make her with holiness excel,
With pure devotion grow.

- 4 Let peace within her walls be found ;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Thy gospel's glorious light.
- 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own !
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

154 *The Sabbath is the Sanctuary.* [154

- SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day ;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through our great Redeemer's
name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame ;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we come thy name to praise ;
May we feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear ;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

155 " *In the Spirit on the Lord's* [155
day."

- WELCOME, delightful morn !
Thou day of sacred rest ;
I hail thy kind return ;
Lord, make these moments blest ;
From low delights and trifling toys
I soar to reach immortal joys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King ascend,
And fill his throne of grace ;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face ;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Reveal a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours,
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbath be enjoyed in vain.

156 *Sabbath evening.* [156

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad ;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

THE SCRIPTURES.

157 *The riches of God's Word.* [157

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

158 " *From a child thou hast known* [158
the Holy Scriptures."

HOLY Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine ;
Mine, to tell me whence I came,
Mine, to teach me what I am ;

2 Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine, to show a Saviour's love ;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet,
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit ;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless ;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death ;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom ;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine !

159 *No book is like the Bible.* [159

NO book is like the Bible,
For childhood, youth, and age ;
Our duty, plain and simple,
We find on every page ;
It came by inspiration :
A light to guide our way,
A voice from him who gave it,
Reproving when we stray.

No book is like the Bible,
The blessed book we love,
The pilgrim's chart of glory,
It leads to God above.

2 It tells of man's creation,
His sad, primeval fall ;
It tells of man's redemption,
Through Christ, who died for all
In sacred words of wisdom
It bids us watch and pray,
And early come to Jesus,
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

- 3 O, let us love the Bible,
And praise it more and more;
Our life is like a shadow,
Our days will soon be o'er;
But if we closely follow
The counsel God has given,
We then may hope with angels,
To sing his praise in heaven.

160 *Line upon line, precept upon precept.* [160]

REPEAT the story o'er and o'er,
Of grace so full and free;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since grace has rescued me.

The half was never told,
The half was never told,
Of grace divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

- 2 Of peace I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest,
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

- 3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real joy in life I know,
But in his service sweet.

- 4 And oh, what rapture will it be
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of his love.

161 *To you is the Word of this salvation sent.* [161]

THE Gospel bells are ringing,
Over land, from sea to sea:
Blessed news of free salvation
Do they offer you and me.
"For God so loved the world
That his only Son he gave,
Whoso'er believeth in him
Everlasting life shall have."

Gospel bells, how they ring;
Over land from sea to sea;
Gospel bells freely bring
Blessed news to you and me.

- 2 The Gospel bells invite us
To a feast prepared for all;
Do not slight the invitation,
Nor reject the gracious call.
"I am the bread of life;
Eat of Me, thou hungry soul,
Though your sins be red as crimson,
They shall be as white as wool."

- 3 The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who forever will delay.
"Escape ye, for thy life;
Tarry not in all the plain,
Nor behind thee look, oh, never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain."

- 4 The Gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide,
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Through a Saviour crucified.
"Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring,
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

162 *The Old, Old Story.* [162]

TELL me the Old, Old Story,
Of unseen things above
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
Tell me the Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

- 8 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear ;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story ;
" Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

163 *I love to tell the Story.* [163

- I** LOVE to tell the Story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true ;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

I love to tell the Story,
"Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 I love to tell the Story !
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet ;
I love to tell the Story !
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.
3 I love to tell the Story !
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
"Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

THE ADVENT.

164 " Now, when Jesus was born in [164
Bethlehem."

- H**ARK ! the Christmas bells are ringing
Angel voices join the lay,
Peace on earth, good-will for ever ;
Christ, the Saviour, born to-day.

Come to the manger, come and worship
Christ, the Saviour, born to-day ;
Come with the shepherds, come and
worship ;
Star of Bethlehem guide our way.

- 2 Hark ! the Christmas bells are ringing,
Hail with joy the auspicious day ;
Sorrow, pain, and grief are banished,
Falling tears are wiped away.
3 Hark ! the Christmas bells are ringing,
Prince of Peace Emmanuel reigns ;
King and Saviour, Christ, Redeemer,
Evermore his right maintains.
4 Hark ! the Christmas bells are ringing,
Precious gifts let all prepare ;
Richer far than gold or jewels,
Gifts of holy praise and prayer.

165 " On earth peace, good-will [165
toward men."

- H**ARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the
skies ?

Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy :
" Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high !"

- 2 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
3 Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth his praises sing ;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

166 *The angels' song.* [166

- H**ARK ! the herald angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconciled."

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

- 8 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
- 5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

167 *The adoration of Christ.* [167

- A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth !
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth !
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing ;
Yonder shines the infant light :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great Desire of nations :
Ye have seen his natal star :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

168 *The star in the East.* [168

- B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of
the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer
is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are
shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of
the stall ;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclin-
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour
of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him in costly
devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings
divine !
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of
the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold
from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gifts would his favour
secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of
the poor.

169 *The guiding Star.* [169

- A**S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold :
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
So may we with willing feet,
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King !

4 Holy Jesus ! every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

170 " *Glory to God in the highest.*" [170

GLORY to God in the highest,
Glory to God ! glory to God !
Glory to God in the highest,
Shall be our song to-day.
Another year's rich mercies prove,
His ceaseless care and boundless love,
So let our loudest voices raise,
Our glad and grateful songs of praise.

Glory to God in the highest,
Glory to God in the highest,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 Glory to God in the highest,
Glory to God ! glory to God !
Glory to God in the highest,
Shall be our song to-day.
The song that woke the glorious morn,
When David's greater Son was born,
Sung by an heavenly host, and we,
Would join the angelic company.

3 Glory to God in the highest,
Glory to God ! glory to God !
Glory to God in the highest,
Shall be our song to-day.
O, may we an unbroken band,
Around the throne of Jesus stand,
And there with angels and the throng,
Of his redeemed ones join the song.

D

171 " *They brought gifts, gold, frank- [171
incense, and myrrh.*"

WE three kings of Orient are ;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and
mountain,
Following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still preceding,
Guide us to the perfect light.

2 Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again—
King for ever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

3 Frankincense to offer have I :
Incense owns a deity nigh ;
Prayer and praising, all men raising
Worship him, God on high.

4 Myrrh is mine : its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom—
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5 Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice ;
Heaven singing Hallelujah ;
Joyous the earth replies.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

172 " *And they cried, Crucify him, [172
crucify him.*"

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall ;
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

Oh dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too :
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear ;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough,
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

173 "*There they crucified him.*" [173]

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee !

2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid !
"Receive my soul !" he cries ;
See where he bows his sacred head ;
He bows his head, and dies !

4 But soon he'll break death's envious
chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine ?

174 "*God forbid that I should glory,* [174
save in the cross of our
Lord Jesus Christ."

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died.
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my
God ; [most,
All the vain things that charm me
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown !

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine ;
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my

175 *Dear Lord, remember me.* [175]

ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own,
And ever faithful be ;
And when thou sittest on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness !
And shut his glory in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away, —
'Tis all that I can do.

THE RESURRECTION.

176 "*Mary stood without at the* [176
sepulchre weeping."

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn ;
Spice she brought, and rich perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone ;
For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrow quickly fled
 When she heard his welcome voice ;
 Christ had risen from the dead—
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day !
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear,
 Though you now are tempest-tossed.
 On his arm your burden cast ;
 On his love your thoughts employ ;
 Weeping for a while may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

177 "*Because I live, ye shall live also.*" [177
 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day !"
 Sons of men and angels say ;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high ;
 Sing, ye heavens ; thou earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done ;
 Fought the fight, the battle won ;
 Lo ! the sun's eclipse is o'er ;
 Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Lives again our glorious King !
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
 Once he died our souls to save ;
 Where's thy victory, boasting grave.

4 King of glory ! Soul of bliss !
 Everlasting life is this :
 Thee to know, thy power to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

THE ASCENSION.

178 "*He ascended up on high.*" [178

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
 Angel voices ring,
 Pearly gates are opened,
 Opened for the King.
 Christ, the King of glory,
 Jesus, King of love,
 Is gone up in triumph,
 To his throne above.

All his work is ended,
 Joyfully we sing ;
 Jesus hath ascended !
 Glory to our King !

2 He who came to save us,
 He who bled and died,
 Now is crowned with gladness
 At his Father's side.
 Never more to suffer,
 Never more to die,
 Jesus, King of glory,
 Is gone up on high.

3 Praying for his children
 In that blessed place,
 Calling them to glory,
 Sending them his grace ;
 His bright home preparing,
 Little ones, for you ;
 Jesus ever liveth,
 Ever loveth too.

179 "*He ever lives to make interces- [179
 sion for us.*"

ENTERED the holy place above,
 Covered with meritorious scars,
 The tokens of his dying love
 Our great High-priest in glory
 bears ;
 He pleads his passion on the tree,
 He shows himself to God for me.

2 Before the throne my Saviour stands,
 My Friend and Advocate appears ;
 My name is graven on his hands,
 And him the Father always hears ;
 While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
 He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

3 This instant now I may receive
 The answer of his powerful prayer ;
 This instant now by him I live,
 His prevalence with God declare ;
 And soon my spirit, in his hands,
 Shall stand where my Forerunner
 stands.

180 "The Lord is risen indeed." [180]

LIFT up, O little children,
Your voices clear and sweet,
And sing the blessed story
Of Christ, the Lord of glory,
And worship at his feet!

Oh, sing the blessed story!
The Lord of life and glory
Is risen—as he said—
Is risen from the dead!

2 Lift up, O tender lilies,
Your whiteness to the sun:
The earth is not our prison,
Since Christ himself hath risen,
The life of every one.

3 Ring, all ye bells in welcome,
Your chimes of joy again!
Ring out the night of sadness,
Ring in the morn of gladness,
For death no more shall reign.

MISSIONARY.

181 *Psalm lxxii.* [181]

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed;
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 Arabia's desert ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

3 Kings shall fall down before him.
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;

For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

182 "It shall come to pass in the last days." [182]

A BETTER day is coming,
A morning promised long,
When girded Right, with holy Might,
Will overthrow the wrong;
When God the Lord will listen
To every plaintive sigh,
And stretch his hand o'er every land,
With justice by and by.

Coming by and by, coming by and by!
The better day is coming,
The morning draweth nigh;
Coming by and by, coming by and by!
The welcome dawn will hasten on,
'Tis coming by and by.

2 The boast of haughty Error,
No more will fill the air,
But Age and Youth will love the
Truth,
And spread it everywhere;
No more from want and sorrow
Will come the hopeless cry;
And strife will cease, and perfect Peace
Will flourish by and by.

3 Oh! for that holy dawning
We watch, and wait, and pray,
Till o'er the height the morning light
Shall drive the gloom away;
And when the heavenly glory
Shall flood the earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all his Word,
And praise him by and by.

183 *Psalm lxxii.* [183]

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head :
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 Peoples and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young hosannas to his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Its grateful honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

184 *"The Lord is King."* [184]

TELL it out among the heathen that
the Lord is King !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations ; bid
them shout and sing !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out with adoration that he
shall increase,

That the mighty King of Glory is the
King of Peace ;

Tell it out with jubilation, though the
waves may roar,

That he sitteth on the water-floods,
our King for evermore !

Tell it out among the heathen that the
Lord is King !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations ; bid
them shout and sing !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

2 Tell it out among the heathen that
the Saviour reigns !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations, bid them
burst their chains !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the weeping ones
that Jesus lives ;

Tell it out among the weary ones what
rest he gives ;

Tell it out among the sinners that he
came to save ;

Tell it out among the dying that he
triumphed o'er the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus
reigns above !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations that his
reign is love !

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the highways and
the lanes at home ;

Let it ring across the mountains and
the ocean foam ;

Like the sound of many waters let
our glad shouts be,

Till it echo and re-echo from the
islands of the sea.

185 *The victories of the gospel.* [185]

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day !
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious
light ;

And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;

And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around!

186 "The coming of Christ's kingdom." 186

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See the heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

187 Missionary Hymn. 187

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

188 "Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able." 188

OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
Along the ocean shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
Go to the woodman's dwelling,
Go to the prairie broad,
The wondrous story telling,
The mercy of our God.

- 3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey !

189 "*Hallelujah ! for the Lord God* [189
omnipotent reigneth."

HARK ! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :
Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

- 2 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies ;
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheathed his sword : he speaks—
'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away :
Then the end ;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

THE INFANT CLASS.

190 "*Jesus called a little child to* [190
him."

JESUS, gentle Saviour,
Hear our earnest prayer :
Make us little children,
All thy constant care ;

Softly shine upon us,
With thy smile of love ;
Lead us on our journey
To thy home above.

Lead us, lead us,
Lead us, gentle Saviour,
Lead us on our journey
To thy home above.

- 2 We are very happy,
All the world is fair ;
Seldom do we sorrow,
Seldom have a care ;
Yet we would be joyous,
Did we only know,
That, when life is ended,
We to thee should go.

- 3 Dear and blessed Saviour,
Hold our little hands ;
Lead us in thy footsteps,
Heeding thy commands ;
So shall we in gladness
Spend our earthly days,
Till thy voice shall call us
Home to sing thy praise

191 "*Jesus said, Come unto me*" [191

IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad,
He will give me pleasure,
When my heart is sad.

If I come to Jesus,
Happy I should be,
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

- 2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer,
He will love me dearly,
He my sins did bear.

- 3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

- 4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.

192 "Learn of me." [192]

WE'LL try to be like Jesus,
The children's precious friend,
Far dearer than a mother,
A sister, or a brother,
He'll love us to the end.

Girls.

We'll try to be like Jesus.

Boys.

We'll try to be like Jesus,

All.

We'll try to be like Jesus,
The children's precious Friend.

- 2 We'll try to be like Jesus,
In body and in mind;
For pure he was and holy,
In temper meek and lowly,
And to poor sinners kind.
- 3 We'll try to be like Jesus,
And do our Father's will:
We'll seek his strength in weakness,
We'll bear the cross in meekness,
Up Calvary's rugged hill.
- 4 We'll try to be like Jesus,
And when we come to die,
At his right hand in glory
We'll sing the blessed story,
The ransomed sing on high.

193 "Hear me when I cry unto thee." [193]

SAVIOUR, bless a little child;
Teach my heart the way to thee;
Make it gentle, good, and mild;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

Dear Jesus, hear me,
Hear thy little child to-day;
Hear, O hear me;
Hear me when I pray.

- 2 I am young, but thou hast said—
All who will may come to thee;
Feed my soul with living bread;
Loving Saviour, care for me.
- 3 Jesus, help me, I am weak;
Let me put my trust in thee;
Teach me how, and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

- 4 I would never go astray,
Never turn aside from thee;
Keep me in the heavenly way;
Loving Saviour, care for me.

194 "The little ones which believe on me." [194]

JESUS high in glory,
Lend a listening ear,
While we bow before thee,
Infant praises hear.

Hear us, loving Saviour,
Hear us now, we pray,
Let thy Holy Spirit
Dwell with us to-day.

- 2 Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When thy praise we sing.
- 3 We are little children,
Weak, and often stray.
Saviour, guide and keep us,
In the heavenly way.

195 "They brought young children to him." [195]

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity:
Suffer me to come to thee.

- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;
Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of thy grace.
- 3 Lamb of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.
- 4 Fain I would be as thou art,
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.
- 5 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Like thyself within my heart.

196 "Thou openest thy hand and
satisfiest the desire of
every living thing."

JESUS, Holy, Undeiled,
Listen to a little child;
Thou hast sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of thine,
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow
On each tender flower below.

3 Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And thy Holy Spirit give.
Without whom I cannot live.

4 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

5 Help me never to forget
That in thy great book is set
All that children think and say,
For the awful Judgment Day.

197 'He took them in his arms.' [197

JESUS loves the little children,
Knows about their work and play,
Helps them when they try to please
him,

Hears them always when they pray.
Happy, happy little children,
Jesus hears them when they pray!

2 He will keep them, when they ask
him,

Always patient, true, and mild;
Jesus knows about their troubles—
He was once a little child.

Blessed, happy little children—
He was once a little child!

3 By and by, for those who love him,
He will come some happy day—

Lead them to the pleasant pastures
Of the land not far away.

Oh, the safe and happy children,
In the land not far away!

198 "Because thou hast been faithful [198
in a very little, have thou
authority.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 And our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Far in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of mercy
Sown by youthful hands
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

5 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

199 "Let not sin reign in your [199
mortal body."

DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

2 There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
Into every ill.

3 But you must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

4 If you would be Christians,
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

200 "Whatsoever ye would that men [200
should do to you, do ye
even so to them."

NEVER lose the golden rule,
Keep it still in view ;
Do to others as you would
They should do to you.
Kindly, gently,
In their burden bear a part ;
Meekly chiding
With a loving heart.

Never lose the golden rule,
Keep it still in view ;
Do for others as you would
They should do to you.

2 Help the feeble ones along,
Cheer the faint and weak ;
To the sorrow-laden heart,
Words of comfort speak.
Freely, freely,
From the bounty of your store ;
Cheerful givers,
Help the humble poor.

3 Love the Lord, the first command
With thy soul and mind ;
Love thy neighbour as thyself
Both in one combined.
Justly, justly,
With each other strive to live
Ever ready,
Willing to forgive.

201 The Lord is my Shepherd. [201

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
G Little ones are dear to thee ;
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom, may we be.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From thy fold to go astray ;
By thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way.

3 Taught to lispen the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
May we with thy saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

202 Look unto me and be ye saved. [202

LITTLE hearts and little hands,
Given up to Jesus ;
Only waiting his commands,
Looking up to Jesus.

Looking up, looking up,
Looking up to Jesus,
Looking up, looking up,
Looking up to Jesus.

2 Little lives and precious loves,
Given up to Jesus ;
Waiting till his Spirit moves,
Looking up to Jesus.

3 Ever ready to obey,
Given up to Jesus ;
Willingly to work and pray,
Looking up to Jesus.

203 "Remember now thy Creator." 203

SEEK the blessed Saviour
In the morning hours,
While the dew still lingers
On the buds and flowers ;
Bring him all the freshness
Of the youthful heart,
With its pure emotions,
Ere the bloom departs.

Seek the blessed Saviour
In the morning hours,
While the dew still lingers
On the buds and flowers.

2 Come ! the Saviour pleadeth
In his tenderness,
He his lambs would gather,
Lovingly would bless ;
In his arms enfold them,
Bears them home above ;
Trust his matchless mercy
And his priceless love.

3 Hasten ! do not linger !
See his outstretched hand ;
He will lead you, guide you,
To the better land.
Soon the day will bring you
All its care and strife ;
Give him all the brightness
Of the morn of life.

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204 "Once, when he offered up
himself." [204

LET me learn of Jesus :
He is kind to me ;
Once he died to save me,
Nailed upon the tree.

2 If I go to Jesus,
He will hear me pray,
Make me good and holy,
Take my sins away.

3 Let me think of Jesus :
He is full of love,
Looking down upon me
From his throne above

4 If I trust in Jesus,
If I do his will,
Then I shall be happy,
Safe from every ill.

5 O how good is Jesus !
May he hold my hand,
And at last receive me
To a better land.

DEATH.

205 "Death shall then be done [205
away."

SISTER, thou wert mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze ;
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumbers,
Peaceful in the grave so low ;
Thou no more wilt join our numbers ;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God who hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life has fled ;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

206 "God shall wipe away all [206
tears."

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the veil, and see [Joys !
The saints above, how great their
How bright their glories be !

Many are the friends who are waiting
to-day,

Happy on the golden strand ;
Many are the voices calling us away,
To join their glorious band ;
Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to the better land.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came :
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the 'Lamb,—
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he
trod,
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

HEAVEN.

207 "I press toward the mark." 207

THE prize is set before us,
To win, his words implore us,
The eye of God is o'er us
From on high, from on high ;
His loving ones are calling,
While sin is dark, appalling,
'Tis Jesus gently calling,
He is nigh, he is nigh.

By and by we shall meet him,
By and by we shall greet him,
And with Jesus reign in glory
By and by.

By and by we shall meet him,
By and by we shall greet him,
And with Jesus reign in glory
By and by.

2 We'll follow where he leadeth,
We'll pasture where he feedeth,
We'll yield to him who pleadeth
From on high, from on high ;
Then naught from him shall sever,
Our hope shall brighten ever,
And faith shall fail us never,
He is nigh, he is nigh.

3 Our home is bright above us,
No trials dark to move us,
But Jesus dear to love us
There on high, there on high ;
We'll give him best endeavour,
And praise his name forever,
His precious word can never,
Never die, never die.

208 "Clothed in white raiment." [208

THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, clothed in
white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 But, hark ! amid the joyful songs
Those happy voices raise,
Tenthousand thousand infant tongues
Unite with perfect praise.

3 Soon must our earthly course be run,
Our mortal frames decay ;
Parents and children, one by one,
Must fade, and pass away.

4 Great God, impress the solemn
thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught
May gain thy heavenly rest.

209 The heavenly Canaan. [209

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

210 "They shall hunger no more." [210

THEY have reached the sunny shore
And will never hunger more ;
All their griefs and pains are o'er
Over there ;
And they need no lamp by night
For their day is always bright,
And their Saviour is their light,
Over there.

Over there, over there,
They can never know a tear over there ;
All their streets are shining gold,
And their glory is untold,
'Tis the Saviour's blissful fold,
Over there.

2 Now they feel no chilling blast,
For their winter time is past,
And their summers always last,
Over there ;
They can never know a fear,
For the Saviour's always near,
And with them is endless cheer.
Over there.

3 They have fought the weary fight,
Jesus saved them by his might,
Now they dwell with him in light,
Over there ;
Soon we'll reach the shining strand,
But we'll wait our Lord's command,
Till we see his beck'ning hand,
Over there.

211 "In my Father's house are many [211
mansions."

WHEN we get home to that beautiful
land,
With its beautiful city of gold ;
When we have passed o'er the river
of death,
And are safe in the heavenly fold ;
Wearisome toil, tribulation, and care,
That burden our spirits to-day,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall
pass—
Shall pass, unreturning, away.

When we get home, how sweet 'twill be !
When we get home, how sweet 'twill be !

2 When we get home from our wander-
ing here
To that clime where they wander
no more ;
When, with the loved that have passed
into rest,
We shall stand with our harps on
the shore ;
Sorrow and strife, and our proneness
to err,
The pain and the sickness we bear,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall
pass,
And ne'er shall they trouble us
there.

3 When we get home (and it will not be
long
Till we finish our journey below) ;
When we shall lose every cumbering
weight,
And the sins that doth hinder us so ;
Tears that we shed in our sorrowful
hours,
The fears and the doubts that
molest,
Like as a dream or a shadow shall
pass,
And reach not the home of the blest,

212 "I go to prepare a place for you." [212

A HOME in heaven ! what a joyful
thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
His heart oppressed, and by anguish
driven,
From his home below to his home in
heaven.
Travelling on so glad and free,
To a home for you and me,
Come and join our pilgrim band,
Travelling to the promised heavenly land.

2 A home in heaven ! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what joy is given,
With the blessed thought of a home
in heaven.

3 A home in heaven ! when our trea-
sures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust
are laid,
When strength decays and our health
is riven,
We are happy still in our home in
heaven.

4 A home in heaven ! when our friends
have fled,
To the cheerless gloom of the mould-
ring dead,
We rest in hope on the promise given,
We shall meet up there in our home
in heaven.

213 "Of such is the kingdom of [213
heaven."

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand ;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band :
Singing, glory, glory, glory !
2 What brought them to that world
above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love—
How came those children there ?
Singing, glory, glory, glory !

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious
flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, glory, glory, glory !

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's
grace ;
On earth they loved his name ;
And now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, glory, glory, glory !

214 " *Be forever with the Lord.*" [214

O, THINK of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of
white.

Over there, over there,
Oh, think of a home over there.

2 Oh. think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have
trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the
air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are
at rest ;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see ;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

215 " *They sang a new song.*" 215

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King ;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?
O we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free ;
Lord, we shall live with thee !
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye—
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

216 " *Where I am there ye may be* 216
also."

WHEN saints gather round thee, dear
Saviour, above ;
And hasten to crown thee with jewels
of love,
Amid thy bright mansions of glory so
fair,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be
there ?

O tell me, O tell me, if I shall be there ?
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there ?

2 When those who have laboured and
struggled to save
Their loved ones from sorrow beyond
the dark grave,
Are bringing the treasures they gath-
ered with care,
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be
there ?

- 3 When life's dreary billows are spent
on the shore
Beyond the dark river, and time is no
more,
When bright palms of glory the victors
shall bear, [there ?
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be
4 O blessed Redeemer, thy mercy and
grace
Alone can prepare me to enter that
place ;
I'm stained and polluted, but shall I
despair ? [there ?
O tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be

217 "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, [217
neither have entered into the heart of man, the
things which God hath prepared for
them that love him."

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore ;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest ;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

- 3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our
days

218 "At his right hand are pleasures [218
for evermore.

ON the sweet Eden shore so peaceful
and bright,
The spirits made perfect are dwelling
in light,
Their white wings are wafting them
gently along,
Through beautiful regions of glory
and song.

On the sweet Eden shore so peaceful
and bright,
On the sweet Eden shore, the home of
the blest,
With friends gone before,
We'll tarry and rest, tarry and rest,
Tarry and rest on the shore.

- 2 Oh, blessed to rise when life's pangs
are o'er,
To mount up to heaven and dwell
evermore,
To never grow weary and never know
care,
In those beautiful regions so blooming
and fair.

- 3 On the sweet Eden shore, the home of
the blest,
With friends gone before soon we'll
tarry and rest,
Content there with Jesus our Saviour
to stay,
We'll delight in the pleasures that
never decay.

219 "There remaineth a rest for the [219
people of God."

B BEYOND life's raging fever,
Beyond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's surging river,
Beyond that sullen stream.

The saints shall dwell in glors.
In beauty fading not ;
O pilgrim, are you praying
That this may be your lot :

- 2 Beyond this land of sighing,
Where countless tears are shed ;
Beyond the sick and dying,
Beyond the mouldering dead—

- 3 Beyond this scene of trial,
Where heart and flesh do fail ;
Beyond the darkening shadows,
Beyond the gloomy vale—

- 4 Beyond earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod,
The saints shall dwell in glory—
The saints shall dwell with God.

220 "At thy right hand there are [220
pleasures for evermore."

BREAKING through the clouds that
gather

O'er the Christian's natal skies,
Distant beams, like floods of glory,
Fill the soul with glad surprise.
And we almost hear the echo
Of the pure and holy throng,
In the bright, the bright forever,
In the summer-land of song.

On the banks beyond the river,
We shall meet, no more to sever;
In the bright, the bright forever,
In the summer-land of song.

! Yet a little while we linger,
Ere we reach our journey's end;
Yet a little while to labour,
Ere the evening shades descend;
Then we'll lay us down to slumber,
But the night will soon be o'er;
In the bright, the bright forever,
We shall wake, to sleep no more

3 O the bliss of life eternal!
O the long unbroken rest!
In the golden fields of pleasure
In the region of the blest.
But, to see our dear Redeemer,
And before his throne to fall,
There to hear his gracious welcome—
Will be sweeter far than all.

221 "And there shall in no wise enter [221
into it anything that
defileth."

I WILL sing you a song of that beauti-
ful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on that
glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.
While the years of eternity roll.

2 O that home of the soul in my visions
and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil
intervenes,
Between the fair city and me.
Between the fair city and me.

3 There the great tree of life in its
beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by:
For no death ever enters that city,
you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 That unchangeable home is for you
and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his
hands.
And he holdeth our crowns in his
hands.

5 O how sweet it will be in that beauti-
ful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps
in our hands,
To meet one another again.
To meet one another again.

222 "They shall be mine, when he [222
maketh up his jewels."

WHEN he cometh, when he cometh,
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious
His loved and his own.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems of his crown.

2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.

- 3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

223 "The ransomed shall return and [223
come unto Zion with songs."

WERE going home,
No more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow;
No more to wear
The brow of care—
We're going home to-morrow.

We're going home, (we're going home), we're
going home to-morrow.
We're going home, (we're going home), we're
going home to-morrow.

2 For weary feet
Awaits a street
Of wondrous pave and golden;
For hearts that ache,
The angels wake
The story, sweet and olden

3 For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.

4 Oh, joyful song!
Oh, ransomed throng!
Where sin no more shall sever;
Our King to see,
And, oh, to be
With him at home forever.

224 "Jerusalem which is above." [224

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest;
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there!
With radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare.

M

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God and Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

225 "Where the weary are at rest."

I MAY not know all the joyful songs of
heaven,
Sung by the countless angelic host
up there; [immortals,—
I may not feel the sweet peace of the
Sanctified, glorified, crowns of love
to wear;
Yet in my soul there's a voice so low
and tender,
Telling the joys that the holy angels
know;
Whispering to me of a time when I
shall join them, [below.
Joyfully leaving my burdens here
Teach me, dear Jesus, the songs of the
immortals,
Teach me to sing on my way to
heaven above;
Teach me the songs of the holy, holy
angels,
Teach me the beautiful, the happy
songs of love

2 I may not know all the glorified
immortals
Standing before thee, the holy,
lovely One;
But I would join in the happy, happy
chorus,
Singing forever around the glorious
throne.
Then may I see all the angels pure
and holy,
Then may I join in the happy songs
they sing;
Then may I kneel at thy feet within
thy kingdom,
Praising my Saviour, my Priest, my
Lord, and King.

226 *The hope of heaven.* [226

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:

2 A country far from mortal sight—
Yet, O by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.

4 Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But, O the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

227 *The joy of meeting in heaven.* [227

OUR souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill!

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see;
Our face like his shall shine;
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

3 O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white arrayed,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

4 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

228 "*Gather my saints together
unto me.*" [228

GATHERING homeward from every
land,
Gathering one by one;
Pilgrims are joining the heavenly
band,
Gathering one by one;
Each brow's enclosed in a golden
crown,
Their travel-stained robes are all laid
down,

Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home.

2 Loved ones have gone to that distant
shore,
Gathering one by one;
Others are going for evermore
Gathering one by one;
Our sisters so gentle, our brothers so
brave,
The beautiful children o'er the wave,
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.

3 We, too, shall come to the river-side,
Gathering one by one;
Nearer its waters each eventide,
Gathering one by one;
Oh, Jesus, our fainting strength up-
hold, [cold;
The waves of that river are dark and
Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one.

- 4 Jesus, Redeemer, be thou our stay !
 Gathering one by one ;
 Cross the dark river with us, we pray,
 Gathering one by one ;
 Then boldly we'll come to Jordan's
 side,
 And fearlessly breast its swelling tide,
 Gathering homeward from every land,
 Gathering one by one.

229 "In my Father's house are [229
many mansions."

MY heavenly home is bright and fair ;
 Nor pain, nor death can enter
 there ;
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
 I'm going home, I'm going home,
 I'm going home to die no more,
 To die no more, to die no more,
 I'm going home to die no more.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high ;
 Far, far above the starry sky ;
 When from this earthly prison free ;
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

- 8 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'er-
 flow,
 Be mine a happier lot to own,
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

- 4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be,
 That heavenly mansion stands for me.

230 "A better country, that is, a [230
heavenly."

WE speak of the land of the blest,
 A country so bright and so fair,
 And oft are its glories confest,
 But what must it be to be there !
 To be there, to be there,
 Oh, what must it be to be there ;
 To be there, to be there,
 Oh, what must it be to be there !

- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 Its wonders and pleasures untold,
 But what must it be to be there !
 3 We speak of its peace and its love,
 The robes which the glorified wear,
 The songs of the blessed above,
 But what must it be to be there !
 4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
 From trials without and within,
 But what must it be to be there !
 5 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare,
 Then shortly we also shall *know*,
 And *feel* what it is to be there !

MORNING AND NIGHT.

231 "He shall cover thee with his [231
*feathers, and under his
 wings shalt thou trust."*

THE morning bright with rosy light
 Has waked me up from sleep ;
 Father, I own thy love alone
 Thy little one doth keep.

- 2 All through the day I humbly pray,
 Be thou my guard and guide ;
 My sins forgive, and let me live,
 Lord Jesus, near thy side.

- 3 O make thy rest within my breast,
 Great Spirit of all grace !
 Make me like thee, then shall I be
 Prepared to see thy face.

232 "When I awake, I am still [232
with thee."

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 My daily course of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
 And live this day as if thy last ;
 Thy talents to improve take care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, and words, and
ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels take thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the eternal King.

233 "*He giveth his beloved sleep.*" [233

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That, with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose !
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids
close ; [make,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous
To serve my God when I awake.

MORNING AND EVENING.

234 "*As for me and my house, we* [234
will serve the Lord."

HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast ;
When one their wish, and one their
prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear ;
Where children early list his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is
heard,
And praise is wont to rise ;
Where parents love the sacred Word,
And live but for the skies.

235 "*My presence shall go with thee, [235*
and I will give thee rest."

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes !

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we
wake, [take ;
Ere through the world our way we
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

236 *Child's evening prayer.* [236

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be thou near
me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 Through this day thy hand hath led
me,
And I thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed, and
fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

237 "Abide with us: for it is [237
towards evening."

A BIDE with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with
me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with
me!

3 I need thy presence every passing
hour;
What but thy grace can foil the
tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay
can be
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
with me!

4 Reveal thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point
me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with
me!

238 "He careth for us." [238

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst
heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

4 Let thy presence, great Redeemer,
Banish all our guilty fear;
And the joy of thy salvation
Every fainting spirit cheer.

TEMPERANCE.

239 "Awake, put on thy strength, [239
O Zion.

SEE, the Church of Christ arises,
Smile or frown of man despises,
Forward is the cry it raises,
For a great crusade;
Listen to the drunkard's wailing,
See his struggles unavailing, [ing,
Now when Christian help seems fail-
Christians lend your aid.

Join us good and holy,
Better days come slowly,
We will stand a temperance band,
To aid the weak and lowly;
Oh, how long shall Satan's aiming,
By this foe our faith be shaming,
And the Christian cause defaming,
Without effort made?

2 Men of God, your help come lend us,
From the scorn and sneer defend us,
Loving hearts and prayers, oh, send us,
In the great distress;
Help us, pastors, help us, teachers,
Harvest rich awaits the reapers,
There's no room for drones and
sleepers,
God the work will bless.

3 Shall the drunkard perish,
While our ease we cherish,
And the foe unchecked below,
Destroy our best and bravest,
Talents, time, and life are flying,
We shall soon be with the dying,
For thy sake ourselves denying,
Love us Lord not less.

240 "Wine is a mocker."—Prov. 20. 1.

THERE'S a demon in the glass—Dash it down!

With a chain of triple brass—Dash it down!

There is many a bosom's throe,
And a world of bitter woe,
Lying underneath its flow—Dash it down,

Dash it down, Dash it down, Dash it down!

2 There's a sting beneath its smile—Dash it down!

And it sparkles to beguile—Dash it down!

While it offers to defend,
And it flatters as a friend,
There is ruin in the end—Dash it down!

3 All its mirth is but a snare—Dash it down!

All its promises are air—Dash it down!

And its laugh becomes a grin,
And its pleasures turn to sin,
While it draws its victim in—Dash it down!

241 "It biteth like a serpent." [241]

WAKE from intemperance!

Hear ye mercy's song!

Rouse from your festal trance!

Grasp the arm that's strong.

Strike for victory!

Dash to earth the cup!

Christ gives us liberty,

Lift his banner up!

2 List to the trumpet call,

Sweet as angel voice;

Haste ere you down shall fall,

Make to-day your choice.

3 Turn from the charmer's way,

Fly the viper's breath;

Hear now the Saviour say,

"I will save from death."

4 Sunder the chains of sin,
Now's the hour of life;
Trusting a crown to win,
Nobly meet the strife.

242 "Bring them unto the water." [242]

MERRY, laughing, sparkling water,
Down the hillside flowing free;
Making all so bright and happy,
In the vale and on the lea.

How I love thee, sparkling water,
Purest, purest drink for me;
Merry, laughing, sparkling water,
Down the hillside flowing free.

2 Who would drain the flowing goblet,
Running o'er with ruby wine?
Better far to pledge of friendship,
In those cooling drops of thine.

3 See the bird his pinions laving,
In thy stream, so glad and free;
Though he fills the air with music,
He would languish but for thee.

4 From the river of the fountain,
From the brooklet or the rill,
Merry, laughing, sparkling water,
Thou art welcome, welcome still.

243 "It stingeth like an adder." [243]

'TIS but the social, friendly glass,—
This is the song of youth;
Who little dream that time, alas!
Reveals this solemn truth,
That he who ever dares to look,
Upon the sparkling wine,
Will find—'tis true as God's own book—
It stingeth, though it shine.

2 There's sorrow in that glass for thee,
Remorse, regrets, and pain;
'Tis deadly as the Upas tree,
Oh, from its use abstain.
Bring not disgrace upon thy head,
Wound not a father's pride,
Let not thy mother's tears be shed,
But in her love abide.

- 3 Touch not the social, friendly glass,
 Son, husband, father, friend ;
 For swiftly on the moments pass,
 Soon time will have an end.
 Then do not spend in sinful mirth,
 This life's bright golden hours,
 Nor grovel in the dust of earth,
 But rise to loftier powers.

PATRIOTIC.

- 244 "For kings, and for all that [244
are in authority."

GOD save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen !
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save our Queen !

- 2 Through every changing scene,
 O Lord, preserve our Queen ;
 Long may she reign ;
 Her heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above ;
 And in a nation's love
 Her throne maintain.

- 3 Thy choicest gifts in store
 On her be pleased to pour,
 Long may she reign ;
 May she defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice
 God save the Queen !

- 245 "Blessed is the people whose [245
God is the Lord."

GOD bless our native land !
 Her strength and glory stand
 Ever in thee !
 Her faith and laws be pure ;
 Her throne and hearths secure ;
 And let her name endure,
 Home of the free.

- 2 God smile upon our land,
 And countless as the sand
 Her blessings be !
 Arise, O Lord, Most High !
 And call her children nigh,
 Till heart and voice reply
 Glory to thee.

- 3 Not in this land alone ;
 But be thy mercies known
 From shore to shore ;
 Lord, make the nations see
 That men should brothers be
 And form one family
 The wide world o'er.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- 246 "Give us this day our daily [246
bread."

DAY by day the manna fell ;
 Oh, to learn this lesson well !
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

- 2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
 Daily strength for daily needs ;
 Cast forboding fears away,
 Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, our times are in thy hand ;
 All our sanguine hopes have planned,
 To thy wisdom we resign,
 And would mould our wills to thine.
- 4 Thou our daily task shalt give ;
 Day by day to thee we live ;
 So shall added years fulfil
 Not our own, our Father's will.

- 247 "The Master is come." [247
 THE Master is come, and calleth for
 thee,

He stands at the door of thy heart,
 No friend so forgiving, so gentle as he,
 Oh, say, wilt thou let him depart ?
 Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading,
 Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart,
 Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading,
 Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart.

- 2 The Master has come with blessings
for thee,
Arise, and his message receive;
Thy ransom is purchased, thy pardon
is free,
If thou wilt repent and believe.
- 3 The Master is come, and calleth thee
now,
This moment what joy may be
thine;
How tender the smile that illumines
his brow
A pledge of his favour divine.
- 4 He waits for thee still, then haste with
delight,
O, fly to the arms of his love,
Press on to that beautiful mansion of
light,
Prepared in his kingdom above.

248 *Proverbs iii. 13-17.* [248

- 0 HAPPY is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Are what her left displays.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

249 "Unstable as water, thou shalt [249
not excel."

FIRMLY stand for God, in the world's
mad strife,
Though the bleak winds roar, and
the waves beat high;
'Tis the Rock alone giveth strength
and life,
When the hosts of sin are nigh.
Let us stand on the Rock!
Firmly stand on the Rock!
On the Rock of Christ alone;
If the strife we endure,
We shall stand secure,
'Mid the throng which surround
the throne.

- 2 Firmly stand for Right, with a motive
pure,
With a pure heart bold, and a faith
e'er strong;
'Tis the Rock alone giveth triumph
sure,
O'er the world's array of wrong.
- 3 Firmly stand for Truth, it will serve
you best;
Though it waiteth long, it is sure at
last;
'Tis the Rock alone giveth peace and
rest,
When the storms of life are past.

250 "The streams whereof shall [250
make glad the city of God."

- LO! a fountain, full and free,
Overflowing ever;
Fainting heart, it is for thee,
Overflowing ever;
Gushing, sparkling, never still,
Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.
Overflowing, overflowing ever,
Overflowing, flowing now for thee.
- 2 List the murmur that it speaks,
Overflowing ever;
On the soul in song it breaks,
Overflowing ever;
Singing, soothing, souls to ease,
Music of all melodies.

- 3 Blessed fount ! the purest known,
 Overflowing ever ;
 Streams of life from out God's throne,
 Overflowing ever ;
 Sacred blood for sinners spilt,
 This can cleanse away thy guilt

251 "*The words that I speak unto* [251
you, they are spirit, and
they are life.

SING them over again to me,
 Wonderful words of Life,
 Let me more of their beauty see,
 Wonderful words of Life.
 Words of life and beauty,
 Teach me faith and duty ;
 Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life.

- 2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
 Wonderful words of life ;
 Sinner, list to the loving call,
 Wonderful words of Life.
 All so freely given,
 Wooing us to heaven,
 Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life.

- 3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
 Wonderful words of Life,
 Offer pardon and peace to all.
 Wonderful words of life.
 Jesus, only Saviour,
 Sanctify forever.
 Beautiful words, wonderful words,
 Wonderful words of Life.

252 "*His mercy endureth forever.*" [252

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And help our misery.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
 Thou dost with sinners bear ;
 That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
 And all thy grace declare.

- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
 To every soul, abound ;
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.
 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store ;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore.

253 "*Ye are Christ's.*" [253

LET him to whom we now belong
 His sovereign right assert,
 And take up every thankful song,
 And every loving heart.

- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
 Who bought us with a price ;
 The Christian lives to Christ alone,
 To Christ alone he dies.

- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
 Fulfil our heart's desire,
 And let us to thy glory live,
 And in thy cause expire.

- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
 With joy we render thee
 Our all, no longer ours, but thine
 To all eternity.

254 "*A living sacrifice.*" [254

LORD, in the strength of grace,
 With a glad heart and free,
 Myself, my residue of day,
 I consecrate to thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant I,
 Restore to thee thy own ;
 And from this moment live or die
 To serve my God alone.

* 255 "*Alive in Christ.*" [255

AND can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's blood ?
 Died he for me, who caused his pain ?
 For me, who him to death pursued ?
 Amazing love ! how can it be [me ?
 That thou, my God, shouldst die for

* Inserted here, chiefly because accidentally
 omitted from the Hymn Book.

2 'Tis mystery all ! The Immortal dies ?
 Who can explore his strange design ?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine !
 'Tis mercy all ! let earth adore,
 Let angel-minds enquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
 So free, so infinite his grace !
 Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race :
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
 For, O my God, it found out *me* !

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray ;
 I woke ; the dungeon flamed with
 light :
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread ;
 Jesus, and all in him, is mine !
 Alive in him, my living Head,
 And clothed in righteousness divine,
 Bold I approach the eternal throne,
 And claim the crown, through Christ
 my own.

256 "Thou shalt guide me." [256

HE leadeth me ! oh ! blessed thought,
 Oh ! words with heavenly comfort
 fraught ;
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
 By his own hand he leadeth me ;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
 gloom, [bloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers
 By waters still; o'er troubled sea,—
 Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—
 Content whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

257 "Ye have done it unto me." [257

WE give thee but thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be ;
 All that we have is thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
 And homes are bare and cold,
 And lambs for whom the Shepherd
 bled,
 Are straying from the fold

3 To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless
 Is angels' work below.

4 And we believe thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be ;
 Whate'er we do for thine, O Lord,
 We do it unto thee.

258 "We have redemption through
 his blood." [258

JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
 My sure, unerring Light,
 On thee my feeble steps I stay,
 Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
 My Counsellor thou art ;
 O never let me leave thy side,
 Or from thy paths depart !

3 Never will I remove
 Out of thy hands my cause ;
 But rest in thy redeeming love,
 And hang upon thy cross.

- 4 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed ;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

259 "Create in me a clean heart, [259
O God."

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and
good,
A copy, Lord, of thine !

260 "And sorrow and sighing shall [260
flee away."

- S SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel-feet have trod ;
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God ?

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

- 4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

261 "Though he slay me, yet will I [261
trust in him."

- SIMPLY trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way ;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all !

Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by ;
Trusting him whate'er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 2 Brightly doth his spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine ;
While he leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all !
- 3 Singing, if my way is clear ;
Praying, if the path is drear ;
If in danger, for him call ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all !
- 4 Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past,
Till within the jasper wall ;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

262 "They go astray as soon as [262
they be born."

- T HE streets of the city are full
Of poor little perishing souls,
Who wander away from the light
In places that Satan controls !
They see not the snare at their feet ;
They know not the danger they're
in ;
O Saviour, can these be thy lambs,
So changed and disfigured by sin ?
Famishing, perishing, every day ;
Lambs of the flock, how they go
astray !

- 2 Then out of the desert of sin,
And out of the darkness of night,
Go, bring the dear lambs to the flock,
And lead them up into the light.
Their voices with tenderness train,
Their sinfulness try to subdue ;
Be patient and tender with them,
As Christ has been patient with you.
Famishing, perishing every day ;
Lambs of the flock, how they go
astray !

263 "He will beautify the meek with [263
salvation."

PRAISE ye Jehovah, praise the Lord
most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, guides
with strength the weak ;
Praise him who will with glory crown
the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the
meek.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord for all his loving-
kindness,
And all the tender mercy he hath
shown ;
Praise him who pardons all our sin
and blindness,
And calls us sons and marks us for
his own.

- 3 Praise ye Jehovah, source of all our
blessing,
Before his gifts earth's richest boons
are dim ;
Resting in him, his peace and joy
possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all
in him.

- 4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord,
who gave us,
With full and perfect love, his only
Son ;
Praise ye the Son, who died himself
to save us ;
Praise ye the Spirit: praise the
Three in One.

264 "I will guide thee." [264

THE sea is wildly tossing,
And often clothed with gloom,
On which we're swiftly crossing
To our eternal home.

Over the sea, over the sea,
Gracious Saviour, pilot me ;
Over the sea, over the sea,
Spirit kind, my guardian be ;
Over the sea, wherever I roam,
Father above, oh, bring me home
Under the bright celestial dome.

- 2 We've many a foe to conquer,
And many a storm to face,
Ere we in heaven may anchor,
And sing redeeming grace.
- 3 Though nature in commotion
Defy our power and skill,
Our Jesus rules the ocean,
And bids the winds be still.
- 4 Sail on then, comrades, boldly,
And make God's word your chart ;
Do every duty nobly,
With joyful, trustful heart.
- 5 We'll float the gospel banner,
And guard it with our life,
And shout at last "Hosanna,"
Victorious in the strife.

265 "Fountain for sin and [265
uncleanness."

OH, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide ;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see !
I plunge, and, oh, it cleanseth me !
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me !
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me !

- 2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood ;
It speaks ! polluted nature dies !
Sinks ! 'neath the cleansing flood.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments
white,
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace ! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied ;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

266 "*But Christ is all and in all.*" [266

O H, the bitter pain and sorrow
That a time could ever be,
When I proudly said to Jesus,
"All of self, and none of thee."
All of self and none of thee,
All of self and none of thee,
When I proudly said to Jesus,
"All of self and none of thee."

2 Yet he found me ; I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursed tree ;
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of thee,"
Some of self and some of thee,
Some of self and some of thee,
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self and some of thee."

3 Day by day his tender mercy
Healing, helping, full, and free,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self and more of thee,
Less of self and more of thee,
Less of self and more of thee,
Brought me lower while I whispered,
"Less of self and more of thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered,
"None of self, and all of thee,"
None of self and all of thee,
None of self and all of thee,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered,
"None of self and all of thee."

267 "*Be gentle unto all men.*" [267

THE sun may raise the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower ;
And eyes grow bright, and watch the
light

Of autumn's opening hour ;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer-time,
And brighter than the dew.

Gentle words ! loving smiles !
How beautiful are gentle words and
loving smiles.

2 It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art ;
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart ;
But O ! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth !

268 "*By grace are ye saved.*" [268

GRACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

269 "*I will never leave thee.*" [269

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
JEHOVAH is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of
death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth now my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days ;
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

270 "*Keep the door of my lips.*" [270]

- W**ORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost ;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And a testimony bear
For us, or against us, there.
- 2 O how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin ;
Words of anger, scorn, and pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide ;
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind !
- 3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day
Strength to watch and grace to pray ;
May our lips, from sin set free,
Love to speak and sing of thee ;
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

271 "*Who daily loadeth us with
benefits.*" [271]

- L**ORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me ;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

- 2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour ;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou give me power.
- 3 My health and friends and parents
dear,
To me by God are given ;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.
- 4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant
care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee, and obey.

272 "*The goodness of God endureth [272
continually.*"

- S**EE the shining dewdrops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving as they sparkle,
God is ever good.
Brings, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude :
All things join to tell us
God is ever good.
- 2 See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming
God is ever good.
- 3 Hear the mountain streamlet
In its solitude,
With its ripple saying,
God is ever good.
- 4 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing
God is ever good.

273 "*O give thanks unto the LORD : [273
for his mercy endureth
forever.*"

- L**ET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All our wants he doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 His own Son he sent to die,
Us to raise to joys on high :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful ever sure.

274 "Honour thy father and [274
mother."

TO thy father and thy mother
Honour, love, and reverence pay ;
This command before all others,
Must a Christian child obey.

2 Help me, Lord, in this sweet duty ;
Guide me in thy steps divine ;
Show me all the joy and beauty
Of obedience such as thine.

3 Teach me how to please and gladden
Those who toil and care for me ;
Many a grief their heart must sadden,
Let me still their comfort be !

4 Then when years are gathering o'er
them,
When there're sleeping in the grave,
Sweet will seem the love I bore them,
Right the reverence I gave.

275 "Hear thou in heaven, thy [275
dwelling-place."

GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-
place :
Hear, forgive, and save.

2 When we in thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before thy feet,
Pleading at thy mercy-seat :
Look from heaven, and save.

3 When thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do thy will,
Turning to thy holy hill :
Lord, accept, and save :

4 Should we wander from thy fold,
And our love to thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold :
Lord, forgive, and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls thy peace possess :
Jesus, hear, and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to thee,
From our burden set us free :
Hear, forgive, and save.

276 "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who [276
died for us."

I LOVE to sing of that great Power
That made the earth and sea ;
But better still I love the song
Of ' Jesus died for me.'

2 I love to sing of shrub and flower,
Of field and plant and tree ;
My sweetest note for ever is,
That ' Jesus died for me.'

3 I love to think of angels' songs,
From sin and sorrow free ;
But angels cannot strike their notes
To ' Jesus died for me.'

4 I love to speak of God, of heaven,
And all its purity ;
God is my Father, heaven my home,
For ' Jesus died for me.'

5 And when I reach that happy place,
From all temptation free,
I'll tune my ever rapturous notes
With ' Jesus died for me.'

6 There shall I, at his sacred feet,
Adoring, bow the knee,
And swell the everlasting song,
With 'Jesus died for me.'

277 "Hear me when I call, O God [277
of my righteousness."

JESUS, from thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 Little children need not fear
When they know that thou art near ;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Little lambs may come to thee,
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be :
Hear us, holy Jesus,

4 Little hearts may love thee well,
Little lips thy love may tell,
Little hymns thy praises swell :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly thine :
Hear us, holy Jesus,

278 Thou crownest the year with [278
thy goodness.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise !
All praise to him belongs ;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us
through
Another various year ;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care ;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
What'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be,
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee.

279 Forbearing one another, and [279
forgiving one another.

BE not swift to take offence,
Let it pass !
Anger is a foe to sense !
Let it pass !
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong,
Which will disappear ere long,
Rather sing this cheery song,
Let it pass !

2 Echo not an angry word,
Let it pass !
Think how often you have erred,
Let it pass !
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay ?
Let it pass !

3 If for good you suffer ill,
Let it pass !
O, be kind and gentle still,
Let it pass !
Time at last makes all things straight ;
Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great :
Let it pass !

280 "By grace are ye saved through [280
faith."

WEEPING will not save me !
Though my face were bathed in
tears,
That could not allay my fears,
Could not wash the sin of years ;
Weeping will not save me.

Jesus wept and died for me ;
 Jesus suffered on the tree ;
 Jesus waits to make me free ;
 He alone can save me !

2 Working will not save me :
 Purest deeds that I can do,
 Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
 Cannot form my soul anew ;
 Working will not save me.

3 Waiting will not save me :
 Helpless, guilty, lost I lie,
 In my ear is mercy's cry,
 If I wait I can but die ;
 Waiting will not save me.

4 Faith in Christ *will* save me :
 Let me trust thy weeping Son,
 Trust the work that he has done,
 To his arms help me to run ;
 Faith in Christ *will* save me.

281 *Let him that heareth say come.* [281

“WHOSOEVER heareth,” shout,
 shout the sound !
 Send the blessed tidings all the world
 around ;
 Spread the joyful news wherever man
 is found :
 “Whosoever will, may come.”
 “Whosoever will, whosoever will,”
 Send the proclamation over vale and
 hill ; [er home :
 ‘Tis a loving Father calls the wand-
 “Whosoever will, may come.”

2 Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
 Now the door is open, enter while you
 may ;
 Jesus is the true, the only Living Way :
 “Whosoever will, may come.”

3 “Whosoever will,” the promise secure ;
 “Whosoever will,” for ever must en-
 dure ; [more :
 “Whosoever will,” ‘tis life for ever-
 “Whosoever will, may come.”

282 *Fight the good fight of faith.* [282

HO ! my comrades, see the signal
 Waving in the sky ;
 Reinforcements now appearing,
 Victory is nigh.
 “Hold the fort, for I am coming,”
 Jesus signals still,
 Wave the answer back to heaven,-
 “By thy grace, we will.”

2 See the mighty host advancing,
 Satan leading on ;
 Mighty men around us falling,
 Courage almost gone.

3 See the glorious banner waving,
 Hear the bugle blow ;
 In our Leader's name we'll triumph
 Over every foe.

4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
 But our help is near ;
 Onward comes our Great Commander,
 Cheer, my comrades, cheer !

283 “*Let us walk in the light of the Lord.*” [283

NEVER be faint or weary,
 Children of light beaming so bright ;
 How can the way be dreary ?
 Jesus our friend is near ;
 Trusting his love to guide us,
 Doing his will cheerfully still,
 Jesus will walk beside us ;
 What has the heart to fear ?
 Yes, happy are we : yes, happy are we ;
 Ever we sing, Jesus our King.
 Honour and glory to thee ;
 Ever in hope rejoicing,
 Loving our blessed Redeemer,
 Happy are we, happy are we,
 Yes, happy are we.

2 Never repine in sorrow ;
 Think of the care others may bear ;
 Tell them a golden morrow,
 Smiling their path will cheer ;
 Comfort the sad and lonely ;
 Walk in the light beaming so bright ;
 Trusting in Jesus only,
 He will be always near !

284 *Be strong and of a good courage.* **[284]**

WE are marching on with shield and banner bright;
We will work for God and battle for the right;
We will praise his name, rejoicing in his might;
And we'll work till Jesus calls.
In the Sunday-school our army we prepare,
As we rally round our blessed stand-ard there,
And the Saviour's cross we early learn to bear,
While we work till Jesus calls.

Then awake, then awake,
Happy song, happy song;
Shout for joy, shout for joy.
As we gladly march along.
We are marching on, and singing as we go,
To the promised land, where living waters flow;
Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here
Come and work till Jesus calls.

2 We are marching on; our Captain,
ever near
Will protect us still; his cheering
voice we hear;
Let the foe advance, we'll never,
never fear,
For we'll work till Jesus calls.
Then awake, awake, our happy, happy
song;
We will shout for joy, and gladly
march along;
In the Lord of hosts let every heart
be strong,
While we work till Jesus calls.

3 We are marching on the straight and
narrow way,
That will lead to life and everlasting
day,
To the smiling fields that never will
decay;
But we'll work till Jesus calls.

We are marching on and pressing
toward the prize,
To the glorious crown beyond the
glowing skies;
To the radiant fields where pleasur
never dies,
And we'll work till Jesus calls

285 *"He shall go no more out."* **[285]**

WE'RE marching to the promised
land,
A land all fair and bright;
Come, join our happy youthful ban^d,
And seek the plains of light.

We are marching through Immanuel's
ground

And soon shall hear the trumpet sound;
And there we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

What, never part again? No, never part again,
What, never part again? No, never part again,
And there we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

2 The Saviour feeds his little flock,
His grace is freely given,
The living water from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.

3 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there,
And youthful voices sweetly blend
In the angelic choir.

4 Our teachers kindly point the way
And guide our feet aright,
To the bright realms of endless day
Where Jesus is the light.

286 *"Thou, God, seest me."* **[286]**

WHEN this song of praise shall cease,
Let thy children, Lord, depart
With the blessing of thy peace,
And thy love in every heart.

2 Oh! where'er our path may lie,
Father, let us not forget
That we walk beneath thine eye,
That thy care upholds us yet.

- 3 Blind are we, and weak, and frail,
Be thine aid forever near;
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear.

287 "That they may be one." [287

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

288 "Let the people praise thee, O God." [288

WAKE the song of joy and gladness,
Hither bring your sweetest lays;
Banish every thought of sadness,
Pouring forth your highest praise:
Sing to him whose care has brought us
Once again with friends to meet,
Who with loving hearts have taught us
Of the way to Jesus' feet.

Wake the song, wake the song,
The song of joy and gladness;
Wake the song, wake the song,
The song of jubilee.

- 2 Some who came with songs and
banners
On our last high festal day
Now are singing glad hosannas,
Where the angels homage pay:

In the presence of his glory,
Jesus' praise they chant above,
Telling still the old, old story,
Precious theme—redeeming love.

- 3 Thanks to thee, O holy Father,
For the mercies of the year;
May each heart, as here we gather,
Swell with gratitude sincere;
Thanks to thee, O loving Saviour,
For redemption through thy blood:
Thanks to thee, O Holy Spirit,
Sweetly drawing us to God.

289 "The redeemed of the Lord shall ... come with singing unto Zion." [289

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits
above;
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says,
"Come!"
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here
below
Soon to the presence of God we shall
go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been
given,
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.

- 2 Teachers and kindred have passed on
before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching
the shore,
Singing to cheer us, and bidding us
come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home
Sounds of sweet music there ravish
the ear;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we
shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high
dome;
Joyfully joyfully. Jesus—come.

Death with its arrow may soon lay
us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the
blow ;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the
tomb ;
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death will be conquered, his sceptre
be gone ;
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll
roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

290 "Sing unto the Lord with [290
thanksgiving."

FATHER, from thy throne of glory
Listen to our praise and prayer,
Thou hast spared us in thy mercy,
Here to meet another year.
Crown, crown it, God of love,
With blessings from above ;
Fill our hearts, fill our hearts,
With thy fear and love.

2 Blessings more than we can number
Hitherto have marked our way ;
And thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Hath watched o'er us every day.
Praise, praise unto thy name,
Praise, praise we all proclaim ;
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall
ring
With the loud acclaim !

3 May we all, when life is over,
Teachers, children, meet above,
Joining in that song for ever
Of our risen Saviour's love.
Then shall we sweetly sing
Praise to our Saviour King ;
Heaven shall ring, heaven shall
ring,
With the strains we sing.

291 Sunday-School War-cry. [291

ON to the conflict, soldiers for the right,
Arm you with the Spirit's sword,
and march to the fight ;
Truth be your watchword, sound the
ringing cry,
Victory, victory, victory !
Ever this the war-cry
Victory, victory !
Ever this the war-cry—
Victory !
Write it on your banners,
Waft it on the breeze,
Victory, victory, victory !

2 Fiercely it rages, deadly is the strife,
But the prize that you shall win will
be endless life ;
Jesus will crown you, your reward
shall be
Victory, victory, victory !

3 Valiant and cheerful, marching right
along,
Every foe shall quit the field, though
haughty and strong ;
Fear shall oppress them, truth shall
make them flee ;
Victory, victory, victory !

4 Soon shall the warfare and the con-
flict cease,
Soon shall dawn the welcome day of
resting and peace ;
Foes all subdued, we'll raise to hea-
ven the cry,
Victory, victory, victory !

292 He will be our Guide, even unto [292
death.

CONDUCTED by thy hand
Safe through another year,
Again, behold, we stand,
O Lord, to worship here ;
Praise for thy mercies past to give,
And ask thy guidance whilst we live.

2 What gratitude we owe !
 Yet, O, how poor our praise !
 A grateful heart bestow ;
 And let our future days,
 Without reserve, O Lord, be thine,—
 Bid us awake, arise, and shine !

3 If length of days be given,
 Lord, as we older grow,
 Make us more fit for heaven,
 Set free from things below ;
 And when death brings us full release,
 O, may our latter end be peace !

293 *Young Soldiers of the Legion.* [293

YOUNG soldiers of the Legion, have
 you heard the King's command ?
 His heralds are proclaiming it through
 all the listening land.
 He seeks you for his service, and he
 bids you wear for him,
 The stainless golden armour that shall
 never more grow dim.

We hear the royal message,
 And we know the King, our Lord ;
 Though young to wear the armour,
 We are ready at his word.

2 He calls, O loyal Legion, to a holy war
 with sin,
 But the armour that he offers you is
 only worn within ;
 The strength of love and gentleness,
 the power of truth and right,
 The beauty of unselfishness, must
 arm you for the fight.

3 Then courage, young crusaders, you,
 the flower of all the land !
 Your King himself is with you all, to
 nerve the weakest hand,
 His service is before you, with the
 glory and the strife,
 Who wins the cross of honour shall
 receive the crown of life.

294 *He took bread and blessed it.* [294

BE present at our table, Lord,
 Be here and everywhere adored ;
 These creatures bless, and grant that
 we
 May feast in paradise with thee.

295 "*Giving thanks always for all* [295
things."

WE thank thee, Lord, for this our
 food,
 But more because of Jesus' blood,
 Let manna to our souls be given,
 The bread of life sent down from
 heaven.

DISMISSION.

296 "*By prayer and supplication,* [296
with thanksgiving."

(O)NE more hymn we'll sing at parting,
 One more strain of grateful praise ;
 While our purest thoughts and feel-
 ings
 Mingle with the notes we raise ;
 Children, teachers, loving pastor,
 All together join the lay ;
 Swell the chorus till the echo
 Sounds along the heavenly way.

One more hymn we'll sing at parting.
 One more hymn of grateful praise ;
 While our purest thoughts and feelings
 Mingle with the notes we raise.

2 Be the measure sweetly tender ;
 Sing of mercy pure and free ;
 Sing of Jesus, precious Saviour—
 Him who died for you and me ;
 Sing how great his loving kindness
 To his children day by day,—
 How with gentle hand he leads them
 All along the shining way.

8 Let us look by faith to Jesus,
 Lowly bending at his feet ;
 Humbly ask his love to guide us,
 When we leave this dear retreat ;
 Father, grant us now thy blessing ;
 Saviour, make us ever thine ;
 Holy Spirit, be our comfort ;
 Fill our hearts with love divine.

297 *The Lord will bless his people [297
 with peace.*

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we
 raise,
 With one accord, our parting hymn
 of praise ;
 Westand to bless thee ere our worship
 cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word
 of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our home-
 ward way ;
 With thee began, with thee shall end
 the day ;
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the
 hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon
 thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the
 coming night,
 Turn thou for us its darkness into
 light ;
 From harm and danger keep thy
 children free ;
 For dark and light are both alike to
 thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our
 earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in
 strife ;
 Then, when thy voice shall bid our
 conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

298 *To whom be glory for ever. [298*

ONCE more before we part,
 Oh, bless the Saviour's name,
 Let every tongue and every heart
 Adore and Praise the Lamb.

2 Still on thy holy word
 We'll live and feed and grow,
 And still go on to know the Lord,
 And practise what we know.

Give to the FATHER praise,
 Give glory to the SON,
 And to the SPIRIT of all grace
 Be equal honour done.

299 *"Let every thing that hath [299
 breath praise the Lord."*

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
 flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

300 *"The grace of our Lord Jesus [300
 Christ be with you all."*

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace ;
 O refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness !

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

301 "Praise waiteth for thee, O God, [301
in Zion."

THANKS to God for every blessing
Which his bounteous hand bestows;
All on earth that's worth possessing,
From that hand incessant flows.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 To his arms we're yet invited;
'Tis the Saviour bids us come,
Let us, then, with hearts united,
Seek through him a heavenly home.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

302 "In the name of our God we [302
will set up our banners."

SOUND the battle-cry! See! the foe
is nigh;
Raise the standard high for the
Lord; [every one;
Gird your armour on; Stand firm,
Rest your cause upon his holy word.

Rouse, then, soldiers! rally round the
banner!

Ready! steady! pass the word along;
Onward! forward! shout a loud hosanna!
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

2 Strong to meet the foe, Marching on
we go,
While our, cause, we know, must
prevail;
Shield and banner bright Gleaming
in the light;
Battling for the right, we ne'er can
fail.

3 O thou God of all! Hear us when we
call;
Help us, one and all, by thy grace;
When the battle's done, And the
victory won,
May we wear the crown before thy
face!



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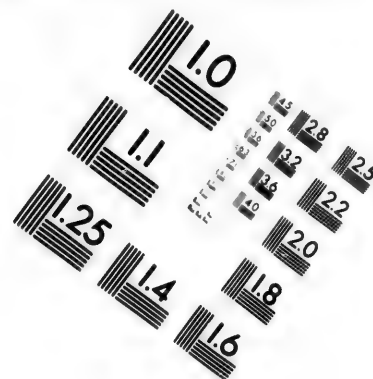
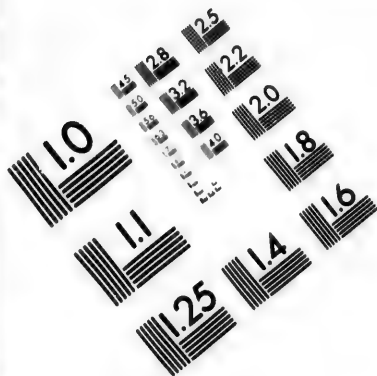
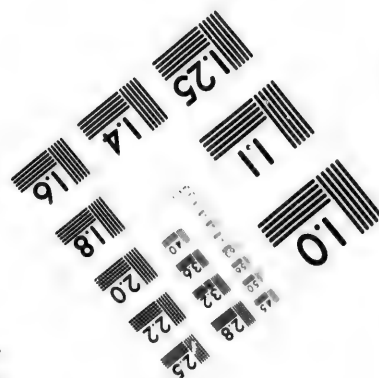
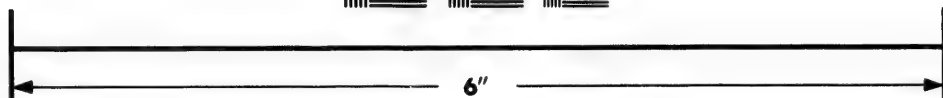
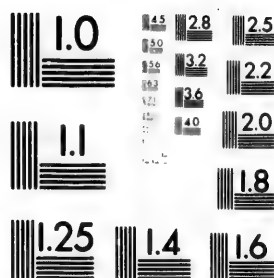


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